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(Johnson)

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This Book relates what worthy Deeds were done
By the Seven Champions of *Christendom* :
They Giants, Dragons, Monsters, Serpents slew,
And mighty *Pagan* Armies overthrew.
They the damn'd *Nocromancers* Power did quell,
And them with their *Inchantments* sent to Hell ;
They acted like the Sons of valiant Sires,
Whose high *Atchievements* all the World admires,
Read then with Pleasure this renowned Story,
Which for your Recreation's set before ye.

The Illustrious and Renown'd
HISTORY
Of the Seven
Famous CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

In Three Parts.

Containing their Honourable Births, Victories, and Noble Atchievements by Sea and Land in divers strange Countries; their Combats with Giants, Monsters; wonderful Adventures, Fortunes and Misfortunes in Desarts, Wilderesses, enchanted Castles, their Conquests of Empires, Kingdoms, relieving distressed Ladies, with their faithful Loves to them; the Honour they won in Tilts and Turnaments, and Success against the Enemies of Christendom.

Also with the Heroick Adventures of S. George's Three Sons.

Together with the Manner of their untimely Deaths; and how they came to be stiled Saints and Champions of Christendom.

The Third Edition.

L O N D O N:

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THE
PREFACE.

READER,

IN this famous History you will find such excellent Passages of true Knighthood, and Feats of Arms, mixt with other rare and pleasing Adventures, that no History is furnish'd with : The subject Matter has been so universally accepted and applauded among all Sorts of People in the Four United Kingdoms, that it needs no strained Rhetorick or Encomium to set it off, or recommend it to the World. The Method is plain and easy, suited to the meanest Capacity, to enrich the Fancy, as well as to divert the Learned; for in the Variety of Passages herein mention'd, Honour, Justice, Love, and Compassion to the Distressed, are so twined and interwoven, as to make up a flourishing Garland of desirable Virtues, to adorn the Minds of those that are Admirers of them; so that in the Search of many large Histories of this Kind, that is not to be found in Volumes, which is here briefly compriz'd. In one Sense it cannot fail to stir up and inspire Heroick Souls to the Enterprizing great and nobler Exploits and Undertakings, to crown their Memories in after Ages, nor to be a Pattern to guide them in the Steps of those who for Constancy, Chastity, and all other winning Graces, have rendered (especially) the fair Sex, famous and worthy of Esteem.

The P R E F A C E.

To conclude, It is a Garden of Delight, out of which may be gather'd a Posie to delight and improve the Understanding and refresh the Memory, in the Knowledge of Things past; lively describing famous Cities, Monuments, Princes Courts, Countries, and other Things, as well as Battles and glorious Achievements, &c. That it must of Necessity be pleasant to the Reader, to whose judicial Perusal, as likewise Well-wisher, I recommend it.

A short P O E M on the Work.

[claim,
T H E Christian Champion's Glory we pro-
Who thro' all Dangers bravely follow'd Fame;
In foreign Lands their Countries did Renown,
Made Pagans stoop, and brav'd each Tyrant's
[Frown.
To the distressed Friends they always stood,
And glory'd only in their doing Good.
No Carpet-Knights they were; but of true Mould,
Out shin'd in Steel those that now boast of Gold;
True worth their Names eternally make live,
Whilst Kings their Badges as choice Honours give,
Worn by Nobles, and each Country's proud,
They as their titular Patrons are allow'd,
Whilst to their Festivals with Joy they croud.]

The most illustrious
HISTORY
 Of the Seven
 Champions of *Christendom.*

The First Part.

C H A P. I.

*The Parentage and Birth of St. George, and how
 he was stolen away by an Inchantress.*



N O T long after the Destruction of
 Troy, sprung up the Seven Wonders
 of the World, the Seven Champions
 of *Christendom*, St. George for Eng-
 land, St. Dennis for France, St. James for Spain,

St. Andrew for Scotland, St. Anthony for Italy, St. Patrick for Ireland, and St. David for Wales; St. George was born in the City of Coventry, and for his magnanimous Deeds of Arms in foreign Adventures, had the Title given him of, *The Valiant Knight St. George of England*; whose Golden Garter is still worn by Kings, Princes, and Noblemen, in Memory of his many Victories. When his Mother was conceived of him, she dreamed she was with Child of a Dragon, which should be the Cause of her Death; which Dream she concealed till her painful Burden grew so heavy, her Womb was not able to bear it; so that at length she revealed it to her Husband, who was then Lord Steward of England. This doleful Dream struck such Terror into her Husband's Heart, that he was speechless; but recovering, he assured her that he would try the utmost that Art and Nature could do, to find out the Meaning of this Dream; and taking only one Knight with him, goes to the solitary Walks of *Calyb*, the wise Lady of the Woods, and taking a Lamp to offer Sacrifice to the Inchantress with them; they came to an Iron-gate, whereon hung a brazen Horn for them to wind, that would speak with the Inchantress; they first offered the Lamb with great Devotion before the Iron-gate, and then without any Fear they blew the brazen Horn, the Sound whereof made the Earth to tremble; after which they heard a terrible Voice out of the Earth, uttering these Words following.

*Sir Knight be gone, and mark me well,
Within the Lady's Womb doth dwell
A Son, who like a Dragon fierce,
His Mother's tender Womb shall pierce :
A valiant Champion he shall be
In noble Acts, and Chivalry.
Be gone, I now bid you adieu ;
You'll find what I have told is true.*

This dark Riddle being thrice repeated, so amazed them, that they thought to wind the Horn the second Time, to know the Meaning of it ; but not daring to venture, they left the enchanted Cave. In the mean Time, the Lady had such a bitter Labour, that either she or the Child must perish ; upon which she, for the Good of her Country, was content her tender Womb should be opened, that the Child might be taken out alive ; so being cast into a dead Sleep, the Operation was made : He had on his Breast the lively Picture of a Dragon, a Blood Red Cross on his Right Hand, and a Gold Garter on his left Leg ; they named him *George*, and provided him three Nurses, one to give him Suck, another to keep him Asleep, and the Third to provide him Food : Soon after his Birth, the Inchantress *Calyb* stole the Infant from the careless Nurses ; the noble Lord now returning, met with the doleful Tydings of the Death of his Lady, and the Loss of his Son ; he was extremely grieved with these two lamentable Misfortunes, and sent Messengers to all Countries, to find out his Son, but could hear

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no Tale nor Tydings of him, which soon brought him to his Grave.

The Witch *Calyb* had detained *St. George* in her Cave, fourteen Years, and at length fell in Love with him which he declined, his Mind being set upon martial Adventures: Nevertheless hoping to obtain his Liberty, if in case she made him Master of all that enchanted Place, he seemed willing, and wound himself in by Degrees to have her yield all her Power over unto him; which she willingly did, and he intreating her to tell him his Birth, his Name and Parentage: Thou art, quoth she, by Birth, Son to the Lord *Albert*, High Steward of *England*, and from thy Birth to this Day have I kept thee as my Child, and my Virginity for thee; so taking him by the Hand, she led him into a brazen Castle, wherein remained six of the bravest Knights of the World: These are, said she, six worthy Champions of *Christendom*; the first is *St. Dennis* of *France*, the second *St. James* of *Spain*, the third *St. Anthony* of *Italy*, the fourth *St. Andrew* of *Scotland*, the fifth *St. Patrick* of *Ireland*, the sixth *St. David* of *Wales*, and thou art born to be the Seventh, thy Name being *St. George* of *England*, for so shalt thou be called in Time to come; then taking him by the Hand, she led him into a fair large Room, where stood Seven of the goodliest Steeds that ever Eye beheld; Six of these, saith she, belong to these six Knights, and the Seventh will I bestow upon thee, whose Name is *Bucephalus*, the Name of *Alexander's* great Horse. Moreover, she led him into another Room, wherein was the richest Armour

Armour in the World ; choosing out the strongest Corslet from the Armory, she with her own Hands buckled it about his Breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich Caparison, then fetched forth a huge Faulchion, and put on his Hand : Now, quoth she, thou art invincible, never to be conquer'd, for now hast thou the strongest Armour in the World, and a Sword shall cut the hardest Flint asunder. Thus being blinded with her own Lust, she put a silver Wand in his Hand, which wrought her own Destruction ; for then had he Power of all the enchanted Wood ; so as they were walking along by a mighty Rock, which the Knight perceiving, struck with the Silver Wand, so that the Rock opened, and there did he see before his Eyes a Number of little Infants which she had murdered by her Inchantment : *St. George*, quoth she, I will shew thee more than this, if thou wilt follow me, so stepping in, he with his enchanted Wand struck the Rock again, and the Rock closed her in, and there was the End of that famous Inchantress, where we will leave her to the Fury of the Devils, and speak more of *St. George*, who released the six Champions out of Captivity ; they giving him many Thanks, went with him to seek their Fortunes, whose matchless Deeds shall be shewed in the following Chapters.

C H A P. II.

How St. George killed the burning Dragon in Egypt, and redeemed Sabra the King's Daughter from Death: How he was betrayed by the King of Morocco, and sent to the Soldan of Persia, where he slew two Lions, and remained Seven Years in Prison.



SOON after the seven Champions departed from the enchanted Cave of Calyb, they stayed a while in the City of Coventry; in which time they erected a stately Monument in Honour of St. George's Mother; and so in the Beginning of the Spring, they took their Leaves one of another, and went every one a several Way to seek their Fortunes; where we shall leave the six Champions to their contented Travels, and wholly Discourse of our Country Man, the Chief

Chief of them, *St. George of England*, who travelled till he came into the Territories of *Egypt*, where he met a poor Hermit; *St. George* demanded of him, where he might have Lodging for himself, and Stable-room for his Horse. Sir Knight, quoth the old Hermit, you seem by your Habiliments to be an *English* Man, for I perceive the Arms of *England* Engraven upon your Armour; Sir, I pity you, you are as far from having Relief here, as you are in Distance from your own Country, by reason of a fiery Dragon, which, every Day devours a Virgin; and in case he miss of one but one Day then doth he send forth such an infectious Plague among us, that the People die so fast, that the Living can scarce bury the Dead; and hath destroyed all the Virgins in the Land, but the King's Daughter, and she is to be sent to morrow Morning to be devoured by this fiery Dragon; now the King hath made Proclamation through all his Realm, That if any Knights were so hardy as to encounter with this Dragon, and kill him, he shall have his Daughter in Marriage, and the Crown after his Decease. Upon hearing of which, *St. George* resolved to venture his own Life, to set the Lady free; intreating the old Man to give him leave to lodge that Night in his Cave, and next Morning he would be ready for the Encounter; the old Man overcome with Joy, had him to his Cave, and kindly entertained him with such homely Fare as he had: Next Morning *St. George* mounted on his Steed, took his Leave of the good old Hermit, who remained in his Cave to pray for the

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the good Success of St. George, who is posting away to encounter with the fiery Dragon ; where upon the Way he overtakes the woful Virgin (the King's Daughter) accompanied with a Number of sorrowful Matrons, bewailing her unfortunate Fate ; St. George comforts them up with these Words :

*Fair Princess, and ye Matrons all,
Refrain, and mourn no more ;
For by the fiery Dragon's Fall,
Your Freedom I'll restore ;
The Dragon is your Enemy,
I'll quickly end the Strife ;
I'll clip his Wings, he shall not fly,
Or George shall end his Life.*

The Princess beholding St. George's Courage, admired that he, being a Stranger, should adventure himself for her Sake, when the stoutest Champions in all Egypt durst not :

*Sir Knight, I give you Thanks, quoth she,
That undertakes this Fight ;
And since it is for Love of me,
The King shall you requite :
And if you perish in this Thing,
The which you take in Hand,
Next comes the Daughter of a King,
As well you understand :
Go forth and prosper, worthy Knight,
And leave me sore perplext :
If you miscarry in the Fight,
Then I must be the next.*

St.

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St. George kissed the Princess's Hand, and vowed to free her, or lose his Life, intreating the Company to conduct her to her Father's Palace, till they heard further.

Now St. George entred the Valley, and coming next to the Cave, the Dragon espy'd him, and sent forth such a terrible Bellowing, as if all the Devils in Hell had been present. St. George was never a whit daunted, but spurred his Horse, and run outrageously at him; but his Scales being harder than any Brass, he shivered his Spear in a thousand Pieces, and withal smote St. George so hard with his Wings and Tail, that he struck him down from his Horse, and bruised him sore. St. George then was forced to draw his Sword, where began a most terrible Fight between him and the Dragon, and the good Knight was almost poysoned with the Breath of the Dragon, so that he was forced to retire; and spying a Fruit which no venomous Thing durst come near, eat of the said Fruit, and recovered again, and then with a manly Courage assaulted the Dragon in such sort, that he felled him under his Horse's Feet: The Dragon recovering himself, lifted up his Wings as if he intended to fly away, which St. George seeing, and espying a bare Place under the Dragon's Wings, runs his Sword up to the Hilt, which so pierced his Heart, that with a terrible Noise he breathed out his last Breath, and yielded his Life to the Conqueror: St. George smote off his Head, and set it on a Piece of the Spear he broke against the Dragon, then gave God Thanks, and
marched

marched towards King *Ptolemy's* Court, but adverse Fortune crossed his Purpose ; for instead of ringing of Bells, and entertaining of him as a Royal Champion, for freeing their Country from that destroying Monster, he beheld certain armed Men marching towards him with their Swords drawn ; for *Almader*, King of *Morocco*, had hired twelve Men in Arms to surprize *St. George*, he having a great Mind to *Sabra* the King's Daughter, and fearing *St. George* would obtain her before him, therefore intended to make him away before he came to the Court with his Dragon's Head, but never was it known that ever Treachery did ever prosper : As for *St. George*, he behaved himself so gallantly, that he vanquished all his Enemies in little Space, which when the King of *Morocco* perceived, for he was not far off, he ran to the King of *Egypt*, and told him the Enemy of his Country was destroyed, but never told him of his own Treachery against the Champion : But when the King heard of the destroying the Dragon, he rejoiced greatly, and commanded them to ring the Bells, and make Bonfires, and entertain the Champion with great Joy and Gladness, which was done accordingly. Now when *St. George* came to the Court, the King did welcome him with great Banquettings, Tilts, and Turnaments, especially the Princess, who then did place her Love upon him so fervently, that all the World could not remove it. Now it was the Order of the Court, to present rich Gifts to those of Rank and Quality ; now the Princess presented him with her own

own Hand, a Diamond of great Worth, which he wore on his Finger, set in a Ring of Gold. Now the King of *Morocco* (that implacable Devil) envying the Happiness of *St. George*, sought a second Time to make him away by Poyson, which he conveyed into a Cup of *Greek Wine*, and presented it to *St. George*, in Token of Love, when he meant nothing less than his Destruction: But no sooner had he the Cup in his Hand, but the Diamond waxed pale, and three Drops of Blood fell from his Nose: whereupon *St. George* refused to drink, and the Princess, who loved him as she loved her self, cry'd out, Treason, Treason: But the King of *Egypt*, her Father, would believe nothing against the King of *Morocco*, so greatly did he love and dote upon him, which made him the Bolder to attempt any thing against *St. George*; insomuch that he went to the King, and informed him, that *St. George* was a Christian, and one that was an Enemy to their Religion; Which when the King heard, he swore by all his Gods, that he should die the Death, forgetting the saving of his Daughter's Life, and the freeing of his Country from utter Destruction. Moreover, the Black King of *Morocco* told him, that he went about to persuade his Daughter to turn Christian, which made the King to be the more enraged; whereupon he wrote a Letter to the Soldan of *Persia*, and sealed it with the Arms of the Nation, that he should make *St. George* away, for he was an Enemy to their Religion, and to their Gods; and when he had done, he sent *St. George* with his own Destruction, and gave him a great Charge

Charge to deliver it to the Soldan of *Persia*, for it was a Matter of great Concernment: St. *George* thinking it an Honour to go on such a Message, went, good Knight, like a Lamb to the Slaughter. No sooner was he arrived in *Persia*, but he espied some of the Temples open, into which he went, and cast down all their Images, and trod them under Foot, insomuch that the People of the Country arose in great Numbers, to take St. *George*, and carry him to the Soldan of *Persia*, as an Enemy to their Religion: But St. *George* did lay about him so, for the Honour of God and *Christendom*, that in one Day he slew above Five hundred *Persians*; so that they were fain to fire their Beacons, and raise all the Country before they could take him. So when they had taken him, they brought him before the Soldan, and inform'd him what he had done, who swore by all his Gods, that he should dye the cruellest Death that ever could be invented: St. *George*, nothing at all daunted, told him he could do no more than God gave him leave; and told him moreover, he had a Letter to deliver him from *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*; which when he had read, he was more enraged than he was before, and commanded his Guard to take him, and cast him into a deep Dungeon, where he should behold no Light, until the Day of Execution. After he had been there three Days, some of the enraged *Persians* let down two great Lions, which had not eat any thing for the Space of Fourteen Days: When St. *George* heard the roaring of the Lions, he began to think with himself what he might do to
save

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save his Life, when on a sudden he broke his Cords that bound his Arms, and stepping aside, he trod upon an old rusty Sword, which he took up, and behaved himself so valiantly, that he killed both the Lions; which when the Soldan heard, he was much terrified, and said he would keep him there still, lest he should destroy the whole Nation: So *St. George* lived there full seven Years on Rats and Mice, and such like Vermin as the Prison did afford: In the meantime, *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt* forced fair *Sabra* against her Mind, to marry the King of *Morocco*, who she hated as she hated the Devil, being the professed Enemy of her beloved *St. George* of *England*. But she had vowed the King of *Morocco* should never spoil her of her Virginity; and to that Purpose she went to a Negromancer, and asked his Council therein, who gave her this Advice; to take a Chain of Gold, and let it lye seven Days in Dragon's Milk, and seven Days in Tyger's Blood, and so put it about your Neck, and so long as she wears that Chain, no Man shall have Power to take her Virginity from her; which she did, and so preserved her Virginity for her *English* Champion, who (under *GOD*) preserved her from the fiery Dragon of *Egypt*.

Now leave we fair *Sabra* with her Black King of *Morocco*, and her beloved *English* *George* in the dark Dungeon, and now speak something of the other Champions, who were divided into several Parts of the World; and first of the noble Champion *St. Dennis* of *France*.

C H A P. III.

How St. Dennis of France lived Seven Years in the Shape of a Hart: How proud Eglantine, the King's Daughter of Theffaly, was transformed into a Mulberry-tree, and how they both recovered their Shapes by the Means of St. Dennis's Horse.



FAir Eglantine, Daughter to the King of Theffaly, for her Pride was transformed into a Mulberry-tree, in the Wilderness of Arabia; and it was St. Dennis's Fortune to travel through that unhappy Place, where this unfortunate Lady was transformed into a Mulberry-tree, and being almost starved, was forced to eat Roots, or any wild Fruit he could find; and wandering about this Desert, at length he came to this Mulberry-tree, where beholding some Fruit on it

it, began to eat ; and he no sooner had tasted of these Berries, but he was translated into a Hart, where beholding himself in a Spring, he began to bewail his Misfortune in this Manner :

*I was a Man that Fame did gain,
But now a Hart in Show.
When I shall be a Man again,
Alas ! I do not know.*

The Voice in the Mulberry-tree.

*Be patient now, brave Knight, said she,
Thy Case is just like mine :
But you and I shall one Day see
Our Honours both to shine.*

*Seven Years thou shalt continue so,
Hunger increase thy Woes ;
At length thou shalt end all thy Woe,
By eating of a Rose.*

When he had heard this Voice, he stood much amazed, and speechless for Sorrow, considering how long a Time it would be ere he should return again to the Society of Men : But his Speech getting Utterance, he thus bewailed his Misfortune :

O wretched Creature, and miserable ! (said he) How am I confined in this solitary Place, exposed to Hardship and Dangers in the Shape of a Beast ; and subject to many Misfortunes more than I yet know ? Accursed was the Time I wandered to this unlucky Place, to be scorched

ed by the Sun's Beams in Summer, and wet with Showers, and in Winter to have Snow my Covering, and no human Food to sustain me. Upon this Tears burst from his Eyes, and Sighs from his afflicted Breast; yet so enchanted he was, that he could not remove from thence, nor cared he much to endeavour it, till his proper Shape returned, lest he should fall as a Prey to common Hunters, which he remembred once was *Atleon's* Fate, so tranformed by *Diana*, for presuming to see her Bathing naked in a christal Fountain: And it more likewise grieved him that he could not be in Arms to succour distressed Ladies, and rid the World of Oppressors and Tyrants; yet was he compelled to bear all with as much Patience, as his Fortitude could arm him with. All this while his gallant Steed never left him, but grazed near him, and sympathized with his Master's Sorrow, and brought him Boughs, which he had plucked from the spreading Trees with his Teeth, to make him a Shelter; and thus it passed with him till seven Summers and Winters had passed over his Head, then one Morning as he was praying to Heaven for Mercy and Deliverance, he perceived at a Distance his Horse labouring to clamber up a steep Rock, and having stayed a while there, he descended with the Branch of a Rose-tree, on which were three Roses of *Jerusalem*; he had no sooner brought it to him, but he remembred the Voice in the Mulberry-tree, whereupon he greedily eat one of them, and reserved the other for fear the like Danger might besal him or any of the Champions in other Places:

He

He had no sooner digested it, but his Hair fell off and he assumed his manly Shape, finding himself exceeding refreshed.

Upon this, he heard the Voice as of a Woman weeping in the Hole of the Tree, intreating him to cut down the Tree, and deliver her, for now the Time was accomplished: With that remembring where he had laid his Sword, he fetched it, and with divers violent Blows felled it but of the Hollow, underneath which sprung a beautiful Lady naked, whom he covered with his Mantle, who made him great Reverence, stiling him her Deliverer, saying, Her Name was *Eglantine*, Daughter to the King of *Thessaly*, who had been by Inchantment, for her intolerable Pride, confined to that Place; Then travelling in the most beaten Paths, they found the Way out of the Wilderness, and she being mounted behind him, he conveys her to her Father's Court, where they were received with more Joy and Welcome than I can express.

C H A P. IV.

How St. James, the Champion of Spain, continued seven Years Dumb for the Love of a fair Jew; and how he should have been shot to Death by the Maidens of Jerusalem: With other Things that happened in his Travels.



NOW St. James was minded to travel to Jerusalem, and passing over the Confines of Sicily, near the burning Lake, had a most terrible Battle with a fiery Drake, for seven Days and seven Nights; and then passed through Cappadocia, then through a Wilderness of Monsters, at length at the Sight of fair Jerusalem, which appeared in his Sight the fairest City in the World, inhabited by Jews: Just at the Time of his Arrival the King of the Country, with all his

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his Knight at Arms, prepared themselves for Hunting; for the Country at that Time was much annoyed with wild Beasts, as Lions, Bears, Tygers, and such like; the Trumpets sounding before them in such Manner, which made the *Spanish* Champions amazed; and wondering what the Meaning should be, enquired of a Shepherd, who told him, that the King, and all his Nobles were intended that Day to hunt, the Country being much annoyed with wild Beasts; and the King had made Proclamation, That whosoever killed the first Boar, should have a great Reward. Away rid St. James, and was in the Forest be-



fore them all, and by that time the King came, he had killed the greatest Boar that ever mortal Man beheld, who lived in a Cave upon the Flesh of People which he had slain; the King said he deserved the Reward; but withal demanded

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manded what County Man he was, and of what Religion: *St. James* said he was a *Spaniard* by Birth, and a Christian by Profession. When the King heard that, he was Wrath, and said thus unto him: Presumptuous Christian, didst thou never hear of the Laws and Customs of our Nation, that what Christian soever dares approach into our Confines, shall straightway be put to Death? Yet in Regard thou hast done good Service for our Country, in destroying this wild Boar, thou shalt have the Favour to chuse thine own Death. *St. James* admiring that he should be so ill rewarded for his good Service, yet seeing it was their Law, and the King's Pleasure it should be so, he chose to be shot to Death with Arrows by the Hands of a Virgin: Divers Virgins were sent for, who seeing *St. James* bound fast to a Tree, with his Breast naked to receive the Shaft, beholding also his comely Shape, and considering what good he had done for their Country, in killing the wild Boar that had destroyed so many, utterly refused the same: Insomuch, that the King commanded that they should cast Lots, and on whom the Lot fell, she should be his Executioner: Lots were made, and the Lot fell upon the King's own Daughter, the fair Princess, whose Name was *Cele*, who no sooner beheld his manly admirable Beauty, but Love seizing her tender Breast, she cast the Bow and Arrow out of her Hand, and falling on her Knees before her Father, begged for his Life in these Terms:

Great

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Great Sir, if ever Pity moved your Breast, behold with Compassion the Tears of your most obedient Daughter on her bended Knees, and grant my Request.

What is it? (said he)

Ah? reply'd she, that this worthy Champion, this Man, whose Fame is spoken of loud through the World, may not be basely slain: How ingrateful it will be in the Ears of all Nations, when it is told you have murdered so brave a Knight, who had ventred his Life in rescuing your Country from its bloody Enemy?

Well, said the King, since you have interceded for him, I cannot deny his Life to your Tears: But this is an unalterable Decree, That he be banished the Territories of *India*, as an Enemy to our Religion, and shall surely die, if ever he return again.

At this she was exceeding sad, but could no further prevail; so rising, she went and unbound him with her fair Hands, saying, Most noble Knight, I have gained your Life and Liberty, yet cannot prevail that you may stay in this Land, though I most earnestly desire your Company, since in your Absence I must be as one banished, without Peace or Rest. Let my Blushes excuse me when I tell you I Love you; and let not the Forwardness of a Virgin make you the less value her who can no longer stifle her Passion.

The noble Knight received the Knowledge of her Love in the most obliging Terms; being at the same Time struck with the like Passion for her: He kissed her fair Hand, stiling her his

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Deliverer, vowing her perpetual Love and Constancy, promising, though now her Father's, ridged and unjust Sentence forced him away, he would e're long return and convey her to his Country : So with a tender Kiss, she slipped a Diamond Ring on his Finger, they parted not without Tears in their Eyes.

The *Spanish* Champion riding some Miles, alighted to rest himself on the Edge of a Forest, and there began to think his Honour would suffer through imputed Fear, in his so tamely leaving his lovely Princess ; wherefore he resolved to return to the Court in Disguise, and that his Speech should not betray him, to feign himself Dumb. This he put in Practice, and was in Disguise of an *Indian*, received into the King's Service ; the Princess, for the noble Spirit she saw in him, though in that Disguise she knew him not, appointed him her Champion in all Cases ; when it so happened, that *Nabuzaraden*, King of *Arabia*, and the Calif of *Babylon*, came to Court, where both fell desperately in Love with her, striving with Musick and Singing who should get most into her Favour, when coming, made their Presents, which were very rich ; *St. James* making his likewise, as being one amongst them, slipt the Diamond Ring into her Hand, which knowing, she retir'd to her Chamber, and sent for him, where he discovered himself, to her great Joy ; so it was contrived between them, whilst the Court was busy in Revelling, to make their Escape ; which they did on swift Horses that Night, and after long Travel, to their high Satisfaction they arrived safely in *Spain*.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

How St. Anthony slew a Giant, and released many Ladies out of Captivity : How St. Andrew travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits, How St. Patrick redeemed six Thracian Ladies from thirty Satyrs, and of their Travel to find out the Champion of Scotland : How St. David slew the Count Palatine, and how he was sent to the enchanted Garden of Ormandine, where he slept Seven Years, and was redeemed by St. George.



BEcause I would willingly return to St. George, our Country-Man, I will tell you briefly the Fortunes and Adventures of the rest of the Christian Champions; and first of the noble Champion St. Anthony of Italy.

After his Passage through many dangerous Places, he came to the Top of a mighty Mountain

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tain, whereon stood a Castle; within this Castle remained a Giant, who for Strength no Man durst encounter: This Giant kept within his Castle the Seven Daughters of the King of *Thracia*, whereof Six of them were transformed into Swans, with Crowns upon their Heads, because they would not yield to the Lust of the Giant, the other remained with him, to play and sing him asleep. This great Giant *St. Anthony* slew, and left the Castle to them, whereby their Father, the King, might have access unto them, as you shall hear hereafter.

The famous Champion *St. Andrew* of Scotland, travelled through a Vale of walking Spirits most fearful to behold, and had not seen the Light of the Sun in Seven Days, nor yet the Light of the Moon by Night, but was only guided by a walking Fire till he came to a Castle, before which Castle lay the Giant which *St. Anthony* slew, his Flesh rent and torn by wild Foxes, Crows, and such like. The Champion *St. Anthony* entered the Castle, where he found the King of *Thrace*, bewailing his Daughters ill Fortune, with many of his Nobility with him, calling upon their Gods in behalf of his Daughters; which when *St. Andrew* saw, he smiled, and said unto the King, If you will believe in the Christians God, and call upon him with me, your Daughters shall be restored to their former Shapes again. No sooner he had spoke, but they all drew their Swords, and ran upon him altogether, insomuch that they put *St. Andrew* hardly to it; nevertheless, after a very hot Dispute, *St. Andrew* overcame them

them, and the King himself lay at his Mercy, who presently turned Christian, he and all his Followers ; so calling upon the Lord of Hosts, suddenly the King of *Thracia's* Daughters were restored again to their former Shapes, being more beautiful than ever they were before, which Mercy when the King saw, he continued a Christian to his dying Day. But when the King and his Daughters came to Court, all their Joy was turned into Sorrow, for the Champion of *Italy*, who slew the Giant, had stole away the King's Daughter, fair *Rossalinde*, so all the Land was up in Arms in Pursuit of him, which when *St. Andrew* of *Scotland* understood, he departed privately, and the King's Daughters understanding that he was gone, travelled after him, as knowing under God that he was the Cause of their Delivery out of Bondage.

These Six Daughters of the King of *Thracia* travelled till they came to *Ireland*, hoping to find the Champion of *Scotland*, but instead of finding him, they met with thirty wild and cruel Satyrs, who haled them through Woods and Groves, and tore and rent them in such a grievous Sort, that forced them to cry out in a most lamentable Manner, so that the Woods and all the Country did ring of their pitiful Cries. *St. Patrick*, who all this while was wandering about the Country, hearing of these fearful Cries, stood a while amazed, and drawing his Sword, ran up to the Top of a high Hill, where he beheld a lamentable Spectacle, thirty terrible Satyrs with Clubs on their Shoulders,

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dragging these fair Ladies by the Hair of the Head, who resolved to free them or lose his Life, he went forwards towards them, in this Manner : Ladies, quoth he, be of good Comfort, for I intend, if God be so pleased, to free you ; whereupon he let fly at them in such sort, that he slew the Chiefest of them, which made all the rest to take their Heels and run away :



St. Patrick demanded of those Virgins what they were, who told him that they were the King of Thracia's Daughters, and how they were for seven Years kept in Captivity by a mighty Giant, and transformed into Swans by Diana the Goddess of Chastity, to keep and preserve them from the insatiable Lust of the Giant, and how their eldest Sister remained a pure Virgin, with
the

the Giant, until St. *Anthony* of *Italy* came and slew the Giant, freed their Sister, and carried her to the Court to their Father, who, with a great Number of Knights came to see them, and bewailed their sad Condition, who were all swimming in a Pond in the Shape of Swans, with Crowns of Gold upon their Heads, to shew they were the Daughters of a King: Our Father's Tears prevailed not, nor the Prayer, of all that were with him, who prayed for us to their *Pagan* Gods, until the Christian Champion, St. *Andrew*, came by, who seeing the dead Body of the Giant, not knowing who slew him, ventured into the Castle, where beholding our Father with all his Knights, weeping and wailing, and praying to their *Pagan* Gods; began to laugh them to Scorn, and wished them to call upon the God of the Christians, and he would warrant them that we should be restored to our pristine Shape again. He no sooner had said these Words, but my Father gave Command to all his Knights of Arms to fall upon him and kill him; but he behaved himself in such a gallant Manner, that he worsted them all, and the King our Father lay at his Mercy, who presently turned Christian with all his Knights, who calling upon the Christians God, we were all restored to our former Shapes again. But all their Joy was turned into Sorrow, by reason the Champion of *Italy*, who slew the Giant, and freed my Sister, had stole her away in my Father's Absence. When St *Patrick* heard this, he said, worthy Ladies, these two Champions are my Friends, whom, I have not seen these

Seven Years ; as for *St. Andrew* of *Scotland*, whom you seek, I will accompany you in the Search of him--- Where we will leave them, and speak something of *Saint David*, the Champion of *Wales*.

St. David of *Wales* travelling to the Emperor's Court of *Tartary*, performed such gallant Deeds of Service, that the Emperor made him his chief Champion ; where, upon a Festival Day, the Emperor desirous of Sport, caused Tilt and Turnament to be used. Now *St. David* being the Emperor's Champion, entered the List first ; so the Emperor's Son, being Count *Palatine*, ambitious of Honour, came straitway to answer him, and performed honourable Deeds against *St. David* the Champion of *Wales* ; for the first Encounter he had almost thrown him off his Horse, but the next Turn *St. David* threw both Horse and Man to the Ground, where the Emperor's Son, the Count *Palatine*, was so bruised with the Fall, that in a short Time after he died, which so enraged the Emperor, that he plotted all he could to make him away ; nevertheless he being well beloved of all the Court, the Emperor could not without loss of Honour do it, only in Regard *St. David* was his Champion, he sent him to the enchanted Garden, to bring him the Head of *Ormundine* the Enchanter ; *St. David* durst refuse nothing the Emperor injoyn'd him to, so he went with an undaunted Courage, and found a Sword fastned to a Rock, upon the Pummel thereof was written, *He that can pull me out, shall Conquer all*, *St. David* assailed to do it, but being not able, fell fast

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fast asleep for the space of seven Years, till St. George, as you shall hear, at last came by the Inchanterd Garden, pulled out the Sword, and freed St. David; for by that means the Inchanter died, and the inchanterd Garden vanisht.

C H A P. VI.

How St. George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Inchantment.



VAliant and noble-minded St. George enduring a seven Years Imprisonment in a dark and deep Dungeon, and almost famished, was now a weary of his Life, where wandring about the Dungeon, he at last espied a Croe of Iron, so he with this Engine made his way through the

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the Dungeon into the Middle of the *Persian's* Court; it was now about Midnight, the Moon shined bright, and all the Court at rest, only some Grooms, which were making ready the Soldan's Horses to ride a Hunting the next Morning; St. George understanding of this, takes the Croe of Iron and kills all the Grooms, and takes the best Horse in the Stable, and armed himself with the Soldan's own Armour, with his Sword, withal taking a Coal he writes over the Soldan's Chamber, after he had killed his Guard, these following Words:

*Soldan farewell for George is fled,
Whilst thou liest sleeping in thy Bed.*

Away rides St. George, and coming to the City Gates, calls to the Porter in this Manner; Porter, open the Gate, for St. George is escaped out of Prison, and killed all the Soldan's Grooms, and all the City is in pursuit of him, The Porter believed him, opened the Gate, and away rid St. George. Next Morning all the Country, by the Soldan's Command, was in Pursuit of St. George; but he had got out of the Confines of *Persia*, and in the Sight of *Grecia*, which when they perceived, they left the Pursuit, and returned back with great Shame and Honour. Now is St. George in the Confines of *Grecia*, and almost in as bad a Case for the want of Victuals, as he was in the Dungeon; at last he came to a great Castle, where stood a most gallant Lady; St. George demanded some Relief of her in the Way of his Travels; but she answered

answered him with a frowning Look, that her Husband was a mighty Giant, and willed him to be gone, lest if he come out he should crush him to pieces. St. George told her, he never was yet daunted by Giant or Monster, and he had rather die in Fight, than die with Hunger, no sooner had he said these Words, but the Giant came forth of the Castle with a staring Countenance, more like a Devil than a Man: But it was so, that between St. George and the Giant was a most fierce and cruel Combat; but the Weather being extream hot, and the Giant fat, the Sweat



ran down his Face so fast, that it blinded him, whereby he could not see to ward the Blows St. George gave him, so that he was constrained to let fall his Club, and St. George with his Sword clove his Head in sunder; so entering the Castle, refreshed himself and his Horse, and so departed through the Confinnes of *Grecia* into *Phrygia*,
and

and at last came to the enchanted Garden of *Ormondine*, where the Champion of *Wales* continued sleeping for the space of seven Years. But when *St. George* beheld the enchanted Sword he assailed to pull it out of the Rock, and pulled it out with ease ; so that the enchanted Garden vanished, and the Inchanter *Ormondine* delivered to *St. George*, *St. David* the Champion of *Wales*. Then they viewed the Strangeness of the Place, and began to enquire of *Ormondine*, how he came to undertake this Way of living ; whereupon Tears standing in his Eyes, he fetched a deep Sigh, and said, I was, when Fortune pleased, the King of *Scythia*, living in great Pleasure and Plenty, having by my Wife two very beautiful Daughters, the Elder named *Castria*, with the Brightness of her Beauty so charmed *Floridon*, Son to the King of *Armenia*, that he sought all manner of Ways to gain her Love ; but not finding her so pliable as he wished ; he resolved however at any Hazard to enjoy her ; so bribing her Maid with a great Sum, she conveyed him into her Chamber in the Night, where he had his wicked Desire of her, with Vows and Protections to become her Husband : But when her Womb began to swell, and she claimed his Promise, he with reproachful Words denied it, and utterly refused to make her his Wife ; and under-hand courted my younger Daughter *Marcilla*, upon whom not being able to gain his Ends, as he did to the former, he married her. This so enraged *Castria*, that since she could no more enjoy him, that had dishonoured her, she resolved her Sister should

should have no Sweets of conjugal Dalliances with him.

And as it is the Custom of *Scythia*, for a Maid to keep her Virginity the first Night after she is married ; she possessed her Sister with a Fear that the *Armenian* Prince, eager of Enjoyment, would notwithstanding come to bed to her in the Dark, and divest her of her Virginity ; if none lay with her to keep him from it, offering withal herself to be the Person, which *Marcilla* kindly accepted ; yet no sooner was they laid in Bed, beautiful as an Angel, but the revengeful *Castria*, with a Dagger she had concealed in her Bosom, stabbed her between her two ivory Breasts ; and being asked what she meant by that Cruelty to one that had been so kind a Sister to her, and never disoblighed her ? She showed her Womb, and discovered the Author of her Shame, which now she no longer resolved to bear with any longer, but with the yet reaking bloody Dagger, she stabbed herself, and both of them breathed out their Souls at once : And to fill up the Tragedy, *Floridon* coming next Morning to look for his fair Bride, and finding her covered with her own Blood, and her Sister dead by her Side, he concluded his unconstant Love had been the Cause of it, and after great Laments, he killed himself with the same Dagger.

These Misfortunes continued *Ormandine* possessed me so with Grief, that I left all Society, and raising this Place by my Magick Art, continued in it till now the Inchantments escaped here. And when this was done, the Furies fetched the Inchanter *Ormandine* away with such

a terrible Noise, that scared St. George and St. David, the two stout Champions of Christendom, and glad they were gone from among those terrible Devils.

After St. David had given St. George many Thanks, they departed one from another, St. David to the Tartarian Court, where by Oath he was bound to bring News from the enchanted Garden, and St. George to Barbary.

C H A P. VII.

How St. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary ; how he stole away Sabra, the King of Egypt's Daughter, from the King of Morocco ; how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the Means of Lions : How he arrived at the Emperor of Greece's Court. Met there the six Champions, and of their Exploits and Entertainment.

ST. George no sooner entred into the Confines of Barbary, but he met with an old Hermit, with whom he had some Conference, and after he understood by the Hermit where the Court stood, as also how the King of Morocco was gone a Hunting with all his Lords; he thought it now or never to be the Time to release his fair Sabra out of the Hands of his professed Enemy the King of Morocco ; and to that Purpose disarmed himself, leaving his Arms and Horse with a Box of rich Jewels with the old Hermit, and slipping on the old Hermit's Gown, took his Journey to the Court, where he beheld a
Number

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Number of Palmers standing at the Court-gate: he demanded of them what they stood there for; to whom they replied, They stood for an Alms, which was given every Day by the Hand of the good Queen, in Memory of the *English* Champion St. George: Which when St. George heard, the Tears stood in his Eyes, and turning himself about, he at length beheld the Joy of his Heart coming forth to deliver her Alms to the Palmers, asking them if they had not known or heard of St. George of *England*.

At length coming to St. George himself, he delivered the Ring that she gave him privately, by which means she knew him, and taking him by the Hand, led him into the Hall where they both wept for Joy, she never expecting to see him again: Now, my George, said she, if ever thou wilt free me it must be now, the Time so convenient, the black King of *Morocco*, my forced Husband, being rid out a Hunting, whom I hate like the Devil, and none left at Home but one Blackamore, which shall go along with us to attend on us; so saying, she pulled off his Gown, and put on his own Armour, and girt his Sword by his Side, and mounted him upon his own Steed, and the Moor helping her up behind St. George, they posted away as fast as they could, passing through Woods, Desarts, and many dangerous Places among the Wild Beasts; at length, through Hunger, St. George was forced to alight from his Horse, and helped the Lady down, leaving her in Custody with the Moor, while he went to try his Fortune with his Sword in his Hand, to get some Food
to

to keep the alive, for they were like to perish for want of Victuals, so it was his Fortune to kill a Deer, and brought a Haunch of Venison upon the Point of his Sword. But when he came, he found the Moor torn in Pieces, with two Lions, and the Lions fast asleep, lying with their Heads in fair *Sabra's* Lap, whereby



he knew she was a pure Virgin, and standing in Amaze, not knowing what to do, at last resolved to set upon them, they being asleep, lest if they should wake, he might endanger his Life, so stepping to them, he ran them through and slew them. Then after they had given God Thanks, *St. George* having a Firelock in his Pocket, kindled a Fire with Brambles, and dressed their Venison and eat it.

So when they had well dined, *St. George* said to *Sabra*, Now my *Sabra*, I know thou art a pure

pure Virgin, otherwise the Lions would have destroyed thee, as they did the *Moor* : But by what Means thou hast kept thy Virginity, I know not.

Then know worthy *George*, (said she) after I was forced by my Father to marry with the King of *Morocco*, whom I loathed ; I vowed to keep my Virginity from him, and preserve it for thee, or live and die a Maid, and to that End I asked Counsel of a Learned Doctor, who advised me to sleep my Chain of Gold, which I wear about my Neck, in Tyger's Blood and Dragon's Milk seven Days together, and all the while I wore it, no Man should have Power to rob me of my Virginity, which I made Tryal of, and behold though I lay with the King of *Morocca*, my Husband, Night by Night, he had no Power to meddle with me, so I remain still a Virgin, and have kept my Virginity for St. *George* of *England*.

When she had so said, they took Horse and departed, riding through many vast Countries and Desarts, without meeting any Adventures, till passing an Arm of the Sea, to hinder any further Pursuit, they safely arrived in the Territories of *Grecia* : There being well refreshed by a courteous Hermit, they understood that the Emperor of *Grecia* kept his royal Nuptial in the City of *Constantinople*, being lately married to a beautiful Princess, so that being desirous to see the Custom of strange Courts, they resorted thither in Hopes to get Shipping for *England*.

Here they found Ladies and Knights of most Christian Nations, whom the Fame of the royal Nuptials,

Nuptials, and their own Curiosity, had brought them thither, And here, by good Fortune the seven Champions, who had been so long parted, by taking divers Ways at the Brazen Pillar, and run so many hazardous Adventures, met again, bringing many of them their Ladies with them: But above all, the Beauty of fair *Sabra* was exceedingly admired, every one confessing the Sun never in all his Travels round the World, saw so bright a Lady, nor was she only beautiful, but humble and modest in her Carriage and Behaviour; so that to entertain her and the rest, new Tilts, Turnaments, Masks, Dancing, Balls, and Jests, were held for many Days, to their wonderful Contentment and Recreation. And here it was the renowned Champions took every one his Day to maintain the Combat against all Opponents, doing such Wonders by overthrowing the strongest Knights of *Greece*, *Hungary*, *Bohemia*, and others, who resorted thither to brake a Lance in Honour of their Ladies, that they acquired to themselves Trophies of Renown and immortal Fame: Above all which, *St. George*, who maintained the last Day, issuing out of his Pavillion, which every one of them had erected very stately, according to the Manner of their Country, to distinguish them from other Knights, mounted on a Sable colour'd Steed, in Trappings of burnish'd Gold, his Forehead beautified with a purple Plume of Feathers, spangled with Gold, and Pendants of Gold, his Armour of *Lydian* Steel, shining like Silver, his Helmet beset with Pearl and Jasper.

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Jasper-stones, with a Tablet of Gold hanging at his Breast, wherein was engraven a Silver Lion Rampart, crowned with Gold in a Field of Gules; in his Helmet he wore a Wreath of his Lady's Hair, and her Glove, to show he would maintain her to be the fairest on Earth, against all that should dare to contradict it: Whilst she sat in a triumphant Chariot of Ivory, inlaid with golden Roses, to be Spectators of his heroic Actions, which were so extraordinary, that they took from the rest much of the Applause and Honour that had been given to them by the shouting Multitude, overthrowing Horse and Man, till at last, scarcely supposing him to be Mortal, he was left alone in the List, none daring further to encounter him, Whereupon an Oaken Garland, like a Crown, was placed on his Head by the Heralds, in Token of Victory; whilst his bright Lady greatly rejoiced, and the Trumpets sounded, to see that the most valiant Knight in the World was fallen to her, whom she prized above Emperors, Kings, and all the Potentates of the Earth.

Night being come, and the seven Days appointed just ended, after a sumptuous Entertainment, the Knights rested their weary Limbs on their Ladies soft Bosoms, solacing in such Raptures of Pleasure, that no Pen can express; so drawing the Curtains, and leaving them infolded in each others loving Arms, I conclude this Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

How the Pagan Princes confederated to War against Christendom ; and how the Seven Champions departed, raised mighty Forces in their own Countries, and arrived in the Bay of Portugal, choosing St. George their General.



WE find by sundry Instances, that Excess of Joy and Pleasure rarely continues long ; Fortune envies it, and sends Crosses and unexpected Accidents to allay them with *Disappointments* and Bitterness ; so it happened in this Case, for when they had the Possession of all that was lovely and dear to them, and supposed to be arrived at the safe Harbour of true Content, Peace, and Rest, a Storm arose that drove them again into a hazardous and dangerous Sea : The Pagan Princes, and others, whose Daughters

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Daughters had followed the noble Champions for the true Love they bore them; and for other Disappointments they had given them, incensed thereto by *Almidore*, King of *Morocco*, for the Loss of fair *Sabra*, confederated together, and denounced a dreadful War against all *Christendom*, and hearing the Seven Champions were their Heralds with Defiance, and many proud Threats; reckoning up the Injuries they alledged they had sustained; wrongfully taxing them with the Ravishment of their Daughters, destroying their People, and as Christians, utter Enemies to their Country, which in a full Assembly they pronounced; which mighty Preparations so terrified the *Greek* Emperor, that he fearing the Wasting of his Country, which the *Pagan* Potentates mostly bordered on, that he desired the Champions to retire from the Court with all speed, and sent Ambassadors to make a Peace for himself, with the Soldan of *Persia*, the Kings of *Thess*, *Tartary*, *Egypt*, *Morocco*, *Jerusalem*, and other far commanding Monarchs of *Asia* and *Africa*. Yet, the renowned *St. George*, before his Departure, returned his Answer to the Heralds.

Barbarians;

‘ **K** Now that your Threats of War can in no manner terrifie the noble Courage of the Christians, we could justifie and disprove whatever is laid to our Charge; but scorning to condescend so low, lest it should be taken for a Treaty, or Fear, go tell your proud and injurious Masters, That since they so much delight in Blood and Treachery,

‘ the

' the Scourge of War is the fittest Instrument to
 ' chastise them : And since they desire it, we will
 ' bring it like a raging Torrent, not only to their
 ' City Walls, but the Gates of their Palace : Fire
 ' and Desolation shall lay their Countries waste. The
 ' Christians Banner shall be planted in their proudest
 ' Towns ; their Crowns shall stoop to the Cross, whilst
 ' wading through Seas of their Subjects Blood, and
 ' clambering over Piles, Heaps of the Slain, we
 ' tumble them from their Thrones.

This said, with a vehement Anger, he staid
 for no Reply ; but turning his Back, he with
 the rest of the Champions, and their Ladies,
 left the City, and held a Consult in a neigh-
 bouring Forest ; it was agreed every one should
 repair to his own Country, and make Interest
 to raise Forces to repel the threatening Storm ;
 and living or dying, immortalize their Names
 in the Defence of their Religion and Honour.
 This Resolve drew partly Tears from the bright
 Eyes of the tender-hearted Ladies, to think,
 after so many Dangers and Difficulties, they
 must again part with their Lords they so dear-
 ly loved, to run new Hazards, and stand the
 Chance of so dreadful a War : But concluding
 their Honours were engaged, and that they could
 not stand idle, but in the hazarding the Loss
 of all *Christendom*, they dried up the precious
 Dew, and seemed contented to leave the Event
 of their Safeties of Fate and Chance,

By this Time the Heroick Knights, whom no
 Danger could shake, having appointed the Bay
 of Portugal to be the general Rendezvouz, for
 all

all the *European* Forces, went into their several Countries, where their Fame being sufficiently rumoured by their respective Kings and Princes, with great Honours and Triumphs, as the only Miracles of Valour and true Knight-hood: The general Joy on their returning Home was no sooner abated, but they declared the Cause of their so speedy Return; which was so highly approved both by the Kings and People, so that setting up their Standards, Forces came armed and well appointed, in such Numbers upon the Beat of Drum, and Sound of Trumpet, as well Nobles as Plebeans, that by the Spring they had finished their Complements; and with gallant Fleets and Armies, the greatest that ever *Europe* had seen, they arrived safe at the appointed Haven: *St. George* with a Hundred Thousand valiant Archers, Spears, and Men at Arms, being the first that landed, covering the affrighted Shores with his Multitude. The rest of the Champions brought a proportionable Number, according to the Largeness and Populousness of their Countries, all well appointed, and richly furnished, so that the whole Number amounted to upward of five hundred Thousand; having with them Treasure sufficient, and other Necessaries for the War, both for the Field, Fight, and battering Cities, Towns, and Castles. And there erecting a royal Pavilion, they elected, by one Consent, *St. George*, General of this great Army, whose Banner was the bloody Cross, his Men wearing the like on their Breasts, to denote that they fought in the Christian Cause, and for it valued no Cross, Misfortune, no, nor the ha-

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ward of their Lives : whereupon, mounting on a Throne, and assembling all the Leaders, he made the following Speech to encourage them

Renowned Warriors.

‘ **E**urope’s chief Boast and Glory, you are now called together to assert the Cause of **CHRIST**, and the Honour of the Christian Religion, against the bloody Pagans and Infidels, who desire not only us, but the **KING** of **HEAVEN**, whose Battles we have undertaken to fight, that we may chastize their Insolencies, and proud Blasphemings, so that Living, or Dying, you may hope to be happy : Then be of courageous Hearts, and let our Enemies see what we dare do, and what Folly they have committed in provoking us to Anger. As for me, though now your General, you shall always find me as much exposed to Danger, as the meanest Soldier. March bravely on then, and let us meet them in their own Land, and make their Countries the Seat of War and Desolation.

This Speech ended, a universal Shout ensued, and they cried, as with one Voice, *Lead us against them.*

CHAP. IX.

How the Pagan Princes pitched their Tents in Hungary, to War against Christendom; of the bloody Diffension that fell amongst them: Barbary subdued by the Christians, and Almidore, the black King, taken and put to Death, &c.



THE Pagans all this while were not slow in raising the Power of their Countries, and and by long Marches came to their appointed Rendevouze in the Kingdom of Hungary, whose huge Multitude soon devoured up all the pleasant Things in that rich and fertile Kingdom, being about eight hundred Thousand, gathered up in fifty two various Kingdoms; threatening no less than Destruction to all Europe, and flattering themselves to return laden with the wealthy Spoils of many Kings and Princes: But GOD who disposes, when Man Proposes, prevented it, as in the Sequel will appear.

No sooner were all the Forces expected arrived, but they appointed a Day for chusing a General, when such a Spirit of Division was sent amongst them, every Nation striving to promote their own King to that Dignity, and Confusion a while reigning among the common Soldiers, at length Discontent and Discord happened among the Leaders, so that many bloody Blows, and dangerous Frays ensued, so that agreeing to nothing, the Soldan of *Persia*, the Kings of *Egypt*, *Jerusalem*, and many Others, drew off their Forces, and returned to their own Country, greatly repenting they had undertaken so vain an Enterprize. Nor did those that stayed by *Almidore's* Perswasions, long agree, but dividing into Parties, drew out and fought a dreadful Battle among themselves, which lasted three Days, with such dreadful Slaughter, that the Ditches were filled with Blood, and the Fields and Lanes heaped up with dead Bodies; the Towns were sacked and fired, Virgins and Matrons ravished, and ripped up alive, Children tossed on Spears, and dashed against the Pavements, hoary Hairs set weltering in Blood: In fine, they not only destroyed one another, but made such a woful Desolation in the Kingdom of *Hungary*, that the like has never been known before nor since, so that for many Years after, it was scarcely inhabited with any thing but wild Beasts.

However, *Almidore*, whose Party proved the strongest, and now most of the other Leaders being dead, was made General, rallied his own Men, and such as had fled and scattered from the Battle; and finding them too weak to per-

form what he designed on the Christians, he took up his Standard, and marched into his own Country, whither St. George, who had heard the Disaster, and his Flight, was gone before to intercept him; and having taken many of his Towns, he forced him to a Battle, where, after a long and bloody Fight (for the *Moors* fought obstinately for their King, often throwing them-



selves between him and Death, to the Loss of their own Lives) he was taken Prisoner by St. George, who had laid Heaps of Slain about him: And hereupon his Men at a Distance seeing his Standard beaten down, and fancying no less than that he was taken or slain, fled in all Parts, throwing away their Arms, so that in the Pursuit, the Fields were covered with dead Bodies.

The treacherous *Almidore* being now in the Power of him whose Life he had sought in *Egypt*, by sending armed Knights to destroy him, when he was coming to the Court with the Dragon's Head, and had been the Contriver of his Imprisonment

sonment seven Years in the *Perſian* Dungeon, and in the mean while robbed him of his Heart's Delight, the beauteous *Sabra*, he thought he could, after ſuch Injuries, expect no Mercy from the injured Perſon; yet hearing he was to be thrown into a Cauldron of melted Lead and Sulphur, the Terribleneſs of the Death ſo ſtartled him, that coming to approach it, and ſeeing the molten Subſtance ſpark like the Flames of Hell, he began to uſe all his cunning Inſinuation and wonted Flattery to eſcape the Danger, offering a Ransom of Gold, Jewels, Silks, Spices, &c. ſo great, that his whole Kingdom had it been ſold, could not have purchaſed them. But this and all other Proffers were reſuſed by the injured Champion, unleſs he would renounce his falſe Gods *Tamagant* and *Mahomet* which he utterly reſuſed to do, as alſo to turn Chriſtian, and perſuade his People to be Baptized and embrace the Chriſtian Faith; the Sentence, (with a ſolemn Pomp, his Nobles attending in Mourning Robes, and many Virgins decked with *Cyprus* Garlands, and in Mourning Veſtments) was put in Execution: Whereat ſome of his Subjects killed themſelves to accompany him to the other World, as is the Cuſtom of the Country. But the greater Part rejoiced to be rid of a Tyrant, who had done them ſo many grievous Outrages, by taking from them their Wives and Daughters at his Pleaſure, to ſatiate his Luſt; ſo that the Nobles came and preſented the *English* Champion with the Crown of that Kingdom, placing it upon his Head, with much Royalty and Feaſting, delivering him all the other regal Ornaments: when having taken an Oath of them

them to turn Christians, he delivered the Government into the Hands of twelve of the chief of them, to keep it in his Name, and to be kind to all Strangers, Christians that came into it to dwell or pass through it.

These, and many other Articles being solemnly sworn to, he left a few Forces in the Cities of *Tripoly* and *Morocco*, with the sick and wounded Soldiers, marching with the rest against *Pro-lomy* King of *Egypt*, to revenge the Injury he had done him.

The *Moors* no sooner perceived the main Forces were withdrawn, but breaking their Oaths, they burnt the sick and wounded Soldiers alive in a Monastery, and covered their Ashes with Dung, renounced their late Baptism, returned to the worship of their Idol Gods, and massacred all the Christians they found in the Kingdom, in a most barbarous and inhumane manner, dashing out their Brains, burning and ripping them up alive; and amongst others, they seized in *Tripoly* an *English* Merchant, his Wife and six Children, and because the Woman struggled with the *Moor* that would have ravished her before her Husband's Face, and vowed to kill her self, if he desisted not; he to induce her to yield more patiently to his Lust, stabbed all her Children one after another at different Times before her and her Husband's Face, then baking them in Pies, setting them before them to eat, or starve, which horrid Spectacle made them both die of Grief; whereupon they threw their Bodies on a Rock to be devoured by the Fowls of the Air, but the Sun dissolved them, and the next Year a Bower of Roses sprung up in the Place.

C H A P. X.

How the Seven Champions arriving in Egypt with their Armies, found the People every where fled ; how Ptolemy the King humbled himself, and was pardoned ; and of the heavy News St. George heard of Sabra, with Ptolemy's Death, &c.



THE Army, as I have said, marching from *Barbary*, and passing peaceably through many Countries of *Africa* (who freely opened their Gates, and received them friendly, providing them store of Provision, and what else they wanted by the Way, yet more out of Fear than Love) they arrived in the Confines of *Egypt*, but could perceive no Preparations for War, so that entering a good Way, they found the Villages deserted, and the City-gates wide open, in which were none but a few aged and diseased People, incapable of removing thence.

At

At this they wondred ; but the wary General considered this might be a Stratagem to catch them in an Ambush, whilst they were straggling to gather the Plunder ; where, upon Pain of Death, he charged none to stir out of his Rank, but to have their Arms always in a Readiness for fear of a Surprize ; and so they marched on, leaving Heaps of Gold and Silver, and other rich Things, in the Cities untouch'd behind them : They marched on till they came within Sight of *Ptolomy's* Palace, on whose glittering Spires, *St. George* no sooner casting his Eyes, but he burned with Anger, to think on the Indignities and Treacheries that had been there put upon him, for the worthy Service he had done the King and Kingdom, making a solemn Vow to lay it in Ruins as low as the Dust ; exciting his Soldiers Fury by repeating the Wrongs he had received, to turn it into Rubbish by Flame, or any other Means, and not to leave one Stone upon another : And now being within Bow-shot of it, whilst he was ordering and preparing for the Assault, contrary to his Expectation, the Gates flew open, and the King of *Egypt*, attired in deep Mourning, attended with the chief of his Nobles in the like Weeds, came in solemn Peace towards him ; after them followed the choicest Soldiers of the Kingdom, with broken Swords and Launces, their Shields hanging on their Backs ; these were succeeded by a thousand Women and Children, with *Cyprus* Wreaths on their Heads, denoting their distressed Condition, and Olive-branches in their Hands, denoting they sued for Peace : When they came near the Champions, who stood

at the Head of their Army to expect them, they fell on their Knees, and made a lamentably Cry, begging Mercy; whilst the King in this manner spoke for himself and the rest.

Worthy Knights,

W hose Arms are always Victorious, behold a King kneeling, who never bowed before to mortal Man, and pity his Distress; I am constrained with Shame to confess I have wronged this noble Champion of England, who deserved better at my Hands: but alas! I was over persuaded to it by the Morocco King, and did not well know what I did, he so blinded my discerning Faculties with Insinuation and Flattery, inculcating so many groundless Fears and Jealousies of our Religion, and the Safety of my Kingdom, that it gained too much Credit with me; but now I repent with Tears that ever I listened to him; therefore forget and forgive what I have done; spare but my Country from the devouring Sword, and as for my self, deal with me as you please; and this I conjure you, most noble St. George of England, by all the Love you profess and bare to my Daughter, whom you have in your Possession; so shall the Blessing of that God you adore, ever unite your Hearts, and make you lastingly happy.

He would have proceeded, but a Flood of Tears stopped his Utterance; which low Submission, and his hoary Hairs, so moved the noble Champion to pity him, that, contrary to his first Resolve, he not only relented, but raising the King from his Knees embraced him, and
freely

freely forgave the Offences he had done against him, on Condition that he and all his People became Christians. This he willingly consented to; and moreover, intituled the rich Kingdom of *Egypt* upon St. *George* and *Sabra*, to be entirely theirs after his Death; so that the Mourning of the Land was hereupon turned into Joy and Songs, Musick and Feasting was every where, and the Face of Things seemed so altered, that nothing could express more Satisfaction.

But during the Time of this Rejoycing, as St. *George* was about to march into *Persia*, to revenge his Imprisonment on the Soldan, a Knight came riding up to him, almost spent and faint with haste and long Journeys, desiring to speak with him in private; and he knowing by his Speech that Knight was of *England*, he readily consented to it.

As soon as they were retired, and the Knight had recovered his Breath, he began his woful Story in this manner:

I come, said he, to bring you News of Heaviness and Sorrow; even that which has cast a melancholly Cloud of Sadness over the whole *English* Nation, and will no doubt touch your Heart nearer than any other: Your fair and virtuous *Sabra*, whom upon your Departure you left at *Coventry*, is condemned to die.

How! says St. *George*, trembling and starting back in an Amaze: What Wickedness could work such Mischief in the World? She has no Crimes that can deserve the Sentence: Her Soul's as bright as the unclouded Sun; and her Virtues nothing can blot or stain.

This,

This, replied the Knight, I must own, yet what I say is certain Truth, the defending her Honour, is the Cause she dies ; from which Death nothing but a Champion to fight her Quarrel, and right injured Innocence, can deliver : Wherefore she having a certain Time allowed her to provide one, and all England in your Absence, not being able to afford one to encounter him who is her Accuser, she has sent me to certifie you of the Danger she is in, as you will find by this Letter, under her own Hand : Whereupon he delivered it, which St. George, still trembling, took, and opening hastily, read these Words :

My Dear Knight,

FOR the constant Love I bear you ; which nothing but Death can obliterate, I am now in great Distress ; the which, if I would have yielded to have deplored my Marriage-bed, I might have avoided ; but for killing the Ravisher, that by lawless Lust would have invaded my Honour, and your Right, I am now Condemned to be burnt at a publick Stake, unless some kind Champion in my Quarrel, can overcome the Baron of Chester, who is my Accuser ; but finding none ready to undertake my Vindication, I have used the little Time allowed me, to advertise you, my dear Lord, of it : and leaving the Consideration of my Danger, I remain your chaste and loving Wife, till Death.

S A B R A.

He

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He no sooner read this Letter, but his Eyes sparkled as it were with Fire, and his Anger burned within him, till at last it broke out in these Expressions ;

Can ungrateful *England* thus abuse and dishonour me in the Person of a dear Lady ? Have I deserved no better of her King and People ? Well, this Injury I would severely revenge, did not the Thoughts of its being my Native Country, restrain my Hands from violent Courses.

Thus he had proceeded on to vent his Anger, had not the Knight hastned him to begin his Journey, minding him that the least Delay in this Case, might be the Loss of his Lady's Life, which could never be recovered again.

Whereupon he communicated the Matter to the other Champions, with the Necessity of his Departure ; whereupon every one of them singly offered to go in his stead, that he might not be hindred in prosecuting his Revenge against the *Persian* Soldan ; but he would not trust this Adventure that so nearly concerned him, to any but himself ; whereupon appointed *St. David* of *Wales*, his Lieutenant-General, taking courteously Leave of the whole Army, he departed for *England*, with all the Speed he could, only accompanied with the Knight who brought him the heavy News. This sad Story of *Sabra*, no sooner came to the Ears of her Father, but thro' Grief he fell into a strange kind of Distraction, roving about his Palace, and crying out, His poor Child was dead, his dear Daughter was murdered ; all that could be done to Comfort him, little availing, till at last those appointed

appointed to watch him, being negligent of their Charge, he threw himself over the Battlements of his Palace, and falling on the hard Pavement, was so bruised, that he immediately died. But his Body being taken up, was buried in a sumptuous Tomb among his royal Ancestors, with great Solemnity; the Regency of the Kingdom being by the Christian Knights delivered to the Trust of Twelve of the most noble Men of the Realm, to keep it in Trust till the Arrival of St. George, and the Princess Sabra if Fortune favoured them.

CHAP. XI.

How St. George left Egypt, and hasted to England. How he rescued Sabra, by killing the Champion her Accuser, and with what Welcome he was received, and other Matters.



ST. George being now on his Way for England, made all the Speed he could by Sea and Land, no Adventures or delightful Objects in his Way being capable to divert him from the Object his Mind was fixed on, his Joy being very great, when sailing from the Coast of France, he beheld the chalky Cliffs on the Shore of his Native Country.

The same Day he landed was the Expiration of Sabra's Time, and every Thing was preparing for her Execution; yet she heard not of any Champion that would contend to justifie her Honour and Chastity; however, she took Courage,

rage, and prepared with a steady Mind to receive that Death, that evil Chance had laid out for her ; so through Lanes of Guards, and Crouds of pitying People, she was brought from the Prison to the Stake, where she prepared her delicate Body, more soft than Down of Swans, and whiter than Snow, as Food for the greedy Flames ; for being stripped of her royal Ornaments, even to her Smock, she was bound with Chains to the Post by the common Executioner, and Pitch and other Fewel placed about her ! Yet she seemed not at all daunted, though the Sight of a suffering Beauty (for committing a Fact she was forced to for the Safe-guard of her Honour) drew Tears from all Eyes but her own ; so that seeing Death so near, she resolving to face it without Terror, lifted up her Hands and Eyes towards Heaven, to ask Strength and Patience, and that God would receive her Soul when it should mount in Flames to his Almighty Throne.

Then the King being seated on a Scaffold, under a Canopy of Purple, embroidered with Gold and Pearl, caused the Heralds to Summon the Challenger, who at the Sound of the Trumper, came proudly prancing into the List, on a strong and stately Steed, with a Bridle of Silver, and Trappings of Gold and precious Stones : This Person was Baron of *Chester*, and held to be the stoutest Knight in *England*, and undertook this Matter, because he was near a Kinto the slain Earl of *Coventry*, and could not without so doing possess his Lands ; whilst this Champion pranced his Horse about the List, the Defendant was summoned, but none yet appeared

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appeared: This made the Lady look as Pale as Ashes, and fall into a fit of Trembling, making her Swan-like Complaints of her hard Fortune in these Words,

Look down with Pity you bright Cœlestial Forms, upon my Innocence, and seeing what I have done was in Defence of my Life and Chastity; look down and pardon this forced Blood-shed; receive Almighty Power, whose Goodness has created me, a Soul that is about to leave this dull Earth, and fly to thee, or if it be thy Pleasure I should longer continue here to praise thy glorious Name; stir up the Heart of some noble Knight, inspiring him with Pity, Strength and Courage, to defend my Cause against this Insulter, who urges my Destruction.

This said, she stood fixed for any Chance that might happen, either for Death or Life; but, just as Fire was going to be put to her Funeral pile, kind Heaven heard her Prayer, and sent her a Deliverer, her Lord was now at hand, who, had he came six Minutes later, had left her for ever, and at a Distance to give Notice on what Errand he came, he caused the Knight that rid before him, to wave his Banner of Defiance, signifying thereby, that he intended to espouse the Lady's Interest; so that the Executioner stayed his Hand till the Knight came up, who made his formal Challenge, demanding the Lady's Liberty, or to combat unto Death in her Defence, who ever durst oppose or declare her Guilty of a Crime.

Then the Trumpet sounded the Charge, which bloody Blast was no sooner ended, but the two Champions rushed together with such
Fury

Fury, as made the Earth to tremble under their Horses Feet; their Spears shivered in a thousand Pieces, and meeting with strong Bodies, Horse and Man fell to the Ground, wherein the Baron of *Chester* was so bruised, that he lay a while on the Earth, casting up much Blood; but recovering a little, he nimbly leaped up, and came in great Fury with his mighty Faulchion, thinking at one deadly Blow to revenge the Disgrace of his Foil, which he had never received from any Knight before, and struck so furiously at St. George, that he cleft his Shield in sunder; which so enraged the noble Champion, that lifting up his mighty Sword *Ascalon*, of a true temper'd Edge, by its Power and enchanted Virtue, it cut quite through the others Armour, so that his Arm was sundred from his Body; and his Sword fell with it to the Ground, so that by the Effusion of Blood he fainted, and dropped on the Earth, and crying out, Worthy Champion, whoever thou art, be proud to have conquered me, who never was subdued before; he with a violent Groan gave up the Ghost.

Upon this the Shouts arose with universal Joy, and while they lasted, the noble St. George went to the King, and demanded the captive Lady; which was readily granted him, whereupon he immediate unbound her, and covered her delicate Body from the Injury of the Weather, with a Scarlet Mantle, till the Ladies, who flocked to rejoyce at her Deliverance, had time to put on her own Garments,

Then

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Then St. George mounting her on his Steed, went on Foot, leading him by the Bridle, till they came to the Court, where great Preparations were made to entertain them: Here it was that fair *Sabra*, pouring out abundance of



Thanks, fain would have known who, and what Country her Deliverer was; but he concealed himself as yet, that her Surprise might be the greater; at length, by the Intreatment of her, and sundry other Ladies, he consented to be unarmed; no sooner was his Helmet taken off, but she knew him, and crying, Ah! my dear Lord, ran into his Arms, that were spread to receive her, and swooned away in an Extasie of Joy too mighty for her Spirits; but he and the Ladies present, soon brought her to herself again; then a thousand Love endearing Expressions passed between those constant Lovers, too many here to express.

The

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The King no sooner heard that it was fair *Sabra's* Lord, and his Country's Champion, who had in Honour of *England* done such Wonders Abroad, but he came, attended with his Nobles, his Queen, and divers beautiful Ladies, and welcomed him with his kind Embraces, causing the Bells to ring, the Conduits to run with Wine, and feasting to be held for ten Days, with such Royalty, that this Land in any King's Reign, beheld not the like before, so that the Mourning for the late expected Tragedy, was turned into universal Joy.

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C H A P. XII.

How St. George and Sabra left England ; she relates to him the Story of her intended Ravishment, How they arrived in the Land of Amazon, with the Desolation they found there, caused by Incantment.



THE noble Champion St. George, having stay-
ed about twenty Days in England, remem-
bered his Companions that were now warring a-
gainst the Soldan of Persia, in his Quarrel, and
concluding his Honour would suffer if he delay-
ed returning any longer than was needful for his
Affairs, he took leave of the English Court, tak-
ing the bounteous Sabra along with him, resol-
ving no more to trust that dear Pledge of his
Love, ever at the like Distance from him again;
and so passing the Seas to Grecia, they made
their nearest Way to Persia : But wandring in
Armenia,

Armenia, and on the *Hyrkania* Mountains, passing to *Bactria*, they found themselves out of the Way, not knowing how to get into it again; however, they took Courage, and sat down under a curious Tuft of Trees, by a curious Fountain, to expect the coming of some Traveller, that might direct them in a right Course to *Susa*, a Frontier of *Persia*; And here it was that *St. George*, to spin out the tedious Hours, intreated his Lady to tell him more of the Particulars of her late Adventure, then yet he had had Leisure to be informed of: At this she could not forbear trembling, but recollecting her Courage, she, to please her Lord, thus began:

Some Months after your Departure, when you left me in your native Country, I was entertained as becomed my Quality, and had no Care but for your Safety, till one Evening going with some Ladies to refresh my self in a pleasant Grove without the Walls, the lustful Earl of *Coventry*, meeting us in our Return, cast his Eyes on my little Beauty, and was so inflamed with the Desire of enjoying me, that he contrived, as I afterward heard, several Ways to bribe those that attended me, to let him into my Apartment, that he might surprize me at an Advantage; but their Faithfulness being above it, though they would not then tell me, for fear of disturbing my Peace in your Absence, he resolved to try if by Flattery he could work upon me to yield up the Fortress of my Chastity; and therefore he prepared a stately Banquet, with Musick, Masks and Dancing for the

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the Entertainment of the young Ladies of Coventry; to which, I not knowing his Design, went ignorantly; when he leading me a Dance, he took an Opportunity when it was ended, to draw me aside to the Window, and fetching a deep Sigh, he began in a low and passionate Tone, to pour out his amorous Expressions in my Ears, urging what Treasures and great Felicities should be mine, if I would condescend to love him, and suffer him to enjoy me. At this unexpected Discourse I blushed, and started, saying, Is this Sir, the Entertainment you designed to Ladies, to lay Snares for their Honour and Chastity, by inviting them to your House? Alas! what Love can you require of me, unless it be that which is dishonest, seeing I am already married, and have vowed my intire Affections to my true Lord, never to place them any where else? And sure a noble Mind, cannot condescend so low, as to wish a Stain on Virtue? I perceived by the often changing of his Countenance, this Answer was nothing pleasing to him; but as he was going to reply, some of the Ladies came near to intreat us to make up a new Set-dance, which hindred him from saying what he further intended, and gave me an Opportunity to disintangle my self at that Time; so excusing my self from Dancing, by reason of a sudden Illness, I pretended, I went to my own Apartment, much vexed and troubled in Mind at what I had discovered, and took all Occasions possibly for the Future, to shun his Company, thinking his lawless Passion by absence might expire. But on the contrary, feeding himself with Hopes, he continued to feed

feed his Flame with fresh Fewel ; and finding all his amorous Letters and rich Presents rejected by me, he resolved on a desperate Course, and about the Cool of the Evening, the known Time I used to walk in my Garden. he being got in over a high Wall by the Means of a Rope-ladder ; hid himself under a Tuft of Rose-trees, and as I came into that solitary Place, his Eyes all flaming, and his Heart enraged with Lust, he seized me by the trembling Arm, and forced me to sit down on a Bed of Violets, saying,

Fair *Sabra*, it is now in my Power to force that from you, which you have hitherto denied me ; yet I had rather it should proceed from your free Grant and loving Compliance : Your wandering Knight is by this Time no doubt dead, or at least never intends to turn to you any more ; therefore by fairly yielding, you will become Mistress of me, and all my large Possessions ; but if you refuse, I will force you on this Place ; and to prevent your telling Stories, or writing to discover what is done, I will cut out your Tongue, and lop off your Hands, after I have had my Will of you.

Seeing him thus resolute and bloody-minded, and my Desire being that he would kill me, rather than spot my Honour ; but finding I could not prevail with him so to do, I began to seem of a sudden more kind, and desired an Hour's Time to consider of it, and frame my self to comply with him. This he granted, but not that I should stir from him, till he accomplished his Desires ; whereupon he advisedly laying his Head in my Lap, through the Fumes of Wine he had drank that Day, and the Charms of my
tuneful

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tuneful Voice he fell asleep, when drawing out his Dagger, and finding no other Means to escape with my Chastity, I gave him the fatal Blow which ended his Life in a Minute, and for which I was seized, and had suffered Death in the Manner as you saw, had not kind Providence sent you in a happy Time to work my Deliverance.

She had no sooner finished her Story, but the noble Champion embraced her, giving her many tender Kisses, and highly commended her for her Constancy and Courage.

By this Time they espied an old Hermit, who wandred from his Cave to gather wild Fruit for his Subsistence, to whom St. George addressed himself, intreating he would direct him the ready Way to *Persia*; who told him, That he was much out of his Way, but that it was a deal further to go back again, than to pass over the Mountains he saw at a Distance on his right Hand, though he would meet some Difficulty in doing it, and then entring into the Confiner of the *Amazonian* Country, when he had passed that, the Way was strait before him to *Tauris*, and from thence he might easily go into any part of the *Persian* Dominions; hereupon he and *Sabra* mounted, and rode to the Mountains of *Amanus*, over which by clambering mighty Rocks, they passed the Top of those Mountains, which by reason of their great Height, were covered Summer and Winter with Ice and Snow.

Having passed this Difficulty, they descended into a spacious plain Country; but in it they could see no People, the Houses were deserted, and the Trees every where blasted, and the Fruits of the Earth, which had no Appearance been much, lay scattered or spoiled by Fire: This made the Champion and his fair Lady wonder, who, or what it should be, that had wrought such Desolation; the which, whilst it lasted, casting up their Eyes, they saw a stately Pavilion at a Distance, erected before the Gates of a beautiful Tower or Palace, so thither they rode in Hopes to find in it some living Creatures, of whom they might enquire further of the Matter, as likewise of their Way.

This Pavilion, coming nearer to it, they perceived to be exceeding rich and beautiful, all of Green and Crimson, wrought with Silk Gold and Pearl by *Indian* Maids; when entering, they perceived a beautiful Virgin clad in Purple imbroidered Robes, with a golden Crown on her Head glittering with precious Stones; in her Hand she had a Silver Bow, and at her Side hung, in a violet colour'd Scarf, a Quiver of Arrows pointed with Gold, and round about her Chair stood divers tall and beautiful Virgins in the like Attire, but not so rich, and without Crowns on their Heads, she representing *Diana*, the Goddess's Chastity, in the midst of her beauteous Nymphs; yet a silent Sorrow appeared on every Brow, as if some great Misfortune had befallen them; which made *St. George* address himself to her, who by
the

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the Ensigns of Majesty she wore, he could not but take to be the Chief, saying,



Most incomparable Lady, Pardon my Presumption, for intruding as a forbidden Guest into this stately Pavilion ; and grant, if it may suit with your good liking to me, the Knowledge why you are thus sad, and what Ill-hap has befallen this Country, and I promise by the Dignities of my Knighthood, to right you, on those that have done you Wrong, all that lies in my Power ; for though here I appear as a single Person, yet I have Armies at Command, if my own Force should fail me in the Enterprize.

To this, bowing over her Scepter, with a modest and graceful Countenance, she thus replied :

Courteous Knight, I thank you for this kind Offer ; but Fear what has occasioned my Sorrow, is beyond your Power to redress ; yet not to appear discourteous in refusing you the

Knowledge of it, know my Mother dying some Years since, I succeeded her as Queen of the *Amazons*, at what Time a Necromancer happened to arrive in my Country, who casting his Eyes on my Beauty, and knowing my Degree so far above him, he thought his own Courtship would be utterly rejected, as knowing I had denied the important Suits of Kings, and resolving to live a spotless Virgin; wherefore he worked under hand by Charms and Inchantments, so that he doubted not this Way to prevail; but by Virtue of a Ring I wear on my Finger, his Inchantments had no Power over me; which he perceiving, his Love, or rather Lust, was turned into mortal Hatred and Revenge, so that by his Magic-spells, raising a Castle out of the Earth, he placed infernal Spirits in it, to cast noisome Fogs and Vapours, mixed with Hail and Fire, to the utmost Borders of my Country, to destroy all that was pleasant in it; which, through Famine and Pestilence, has rendered thus desolate.

Where is this Castle? said the Champion; it may be I may be ordained to fling such Vengeance on his Head, as may make him too sadly repent the Mischief he has done.

Alas! said the sorrowful Queen, it is not in the Power of any Knight to do it: For though he is now absent, assisting the *Persian* Soldan against the Christian Armies, with Legions of his infernal Crew, yet he has left, as his Substitute, a Giant of mighty Stature, who has by mighty Strength overcome whole Bands of Knights that have tried the Adventure, and made

made them Captives in miserable Dungeons, within the Walls of the Castle, which is surrounded with thick Darkness, many Miles before any one can come at it.

No matter for that, said the undaunted courageous Champion, with your Permission, I will venture my Life and Honour, for the Sake of you and your Country, in finishing this Incantment.

The *Amazonian* Queen no sooner heard him express this Gallantry, with an undaunted Countenance, but she applauded his magnanimous Generosity, and promised that she and her Ladies in the mean while would pray to the immortal Powers for this prosperous Success. Whereupon, recommending *Sabra* (who was sad at his Departure) to their Care, till his Return, he mounted his stately Steed, and rid, as he was directed, by the *Amazonian* Queen, towards the dreadful Place, encompassed with Darkness, and enclosing many gasty Terrors.

C H A P. XIII.

How St. George undertaking to destroy the enchanted Castle of Ormond, overcame a mighty Giant, finished the Incantment, and restored the Country of the Amazons. How Seven Virgins were ravished and slain in a Wood, &c.



THE noble Champion no sooner enter'd the dark Mist that spread round the Castle for many Miles, but he heard a horrible hissing of Snakes, who suddenly assaulted him; against whom, whilst he defended himself with his trusty Sword (cutting and mangling them so dreadfully, that their yet moving Pieces, like Rushes, strewed all the Place) he was assaulted with great Birds, Beetles, Hornets, and other offensive Creatures, brought thither by Incantment, who very much annoyed, and grievously stung

stung both him and his Horse ; however, with an undaunted Mind, he forced on his Way till he came to a black River, inclosed with high Banks, the Water to Appearance being full of Crocodiles and Allegators, over this there was but one narrow Bridge to pass, defended by a mighty Giant, with a strong Mace of Steel, between whom and the Champion began a cruel Fight, but at last the Giant growing weary with the infinite Sweat that flowed from him, gave back, whereupon the noble Champion redoubling his Blows, struck him so furiously on the unwarded Forehead, that he felled him to the Ground, and stood over him, ready to strike off his monstrous Head, when, with a Voice like Thunder, he cried out for Mercy, promising, if he would spare his Life, to be the Knights Servant, and faithful to him all his Days ; whereupon St. George, on Condition of his discovering to him the Manner of the Inchantment, that he might finish it, consented to give him his Life, and take him for his Servant.

Then he told him, That in a Cave within, as soon as he descended the Front Stairs of the Castle, he would find a Fire springing out of the Earth by Magick, which had occasioned all the Mischief in the *Amazonian* Land ; and that it could only be quenched by a Fountain of black Water a little distant, the which was guarded by many ugly Spirits ; and then upon its being extinguished, the Inchantment would cease.

Hereupon the valiant Knight leaving the Giant to hold his Horse, entered down a Pair of dark Stairs, where he felt terrible Blows, and heard lamentable Cries, but could see nothing; at last there came out, upon the breaking open the Door, so much Smoke and Heat, that he was near stifled, yet at last it cleared up a little, and he beheld a Fire sprouting out of the Earth, from whence proceeded the dismal Vapours, Thunder, and Lightning, that had annoyed and wasted the Country.

Approaching this Flame he found it was guarded by divers Fiends and hellish Spirits, through whose threatning Fury he passed to the Fountain he perceived a little beyond it, when in his Shield (notwithstanding the Resistance that was made by Whirlwinds, and Flashes of Flame) he took up as much Water as it would hold, which he cast into the Fire, whereupon the Castle vanished with much Thunder and Lightning, terrible Noise and Cries, succeeded by a violent Earthquake, whereupon the Sky cleared up, and the Sun shone bright.

The Inchantment by this Means being finished, St. George with the Giant, went to the *Amazonian* Pavilion, where he was welcomed by the Queen and her Ladies, with all possible Demonstrations of Joy; but especially by the fair *Sabra*, who had all the while prayed to Heaven for his Protection, Victory, and safe Return; so that for several Days Feasting and Musick continued; but an unhappy Accident fell out, which abated much of the Mirth, before the appointed Days were ended.

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It happened that *Sabra*, whilst her Lord took his Repose after his weary and hazardous Adventure, with seven of the Queen's Ladies, went to take the Evening Air, which the Giant (who lay without the Pavilion, and had never seen such Beauties before) perceiving, secretly followed them into a retired Grove, and burning in Lust to enjoy such rare Creatures, hid himself there behind a Thicket, and seized by Surprize, the seven Ladies who were foremost, bound them with Withs of Woodbine, and ravished them; at the Sight of which horrid Fact, the trembling *Sabra*, whom he had not taken by reason she was a pretty way from, and undiscovered by him, hid herself behind a



Mulberry-tree; and now fearing his Villainy should be discovered, he murdered the poor Ladies, by beating out their Brains against an Oak-tree, and throwing them into a Pit, covered their dead Bodies with Stones and Earth.

After this great Wickedness, by his strong Scent he discovered where *Sabra* lay hid, but she by this Time, to secure her Chastity, had poisoned her fair Face with a Bottle of Infection; which ever since her last Extremity, she kept about her to end her Life for the Preservation of her Honour, if Need urged it, that she looked so leprous and deformed a Creature in his Eyes, as made him loath her Sight, and take her for a worse Monster than himself, so that he left her, and ranged up and down the Country, not so much stung by Guilt, as he feared the Revenge of the *English* Champion, when his foul Act should come to be known, till at last, to prevent the Punishment, he desperately threw himself from an adjacent Rock, and dashed in that Fall his monstrous Body to pieces, and so ended his wicked and detested Life.

St. *George* having Notice his Lady was gone Abroad, and that she returned not in a seasonable Hour, suspecting some Mishap was befallen her, and the Ladies that accompanied her, especially the Giant being likewise missing, so that taking his trusty Sword, he ranged the Woods, till by her Sighs and Laments he found her out, but so deformed, that had it not been for her Voice, he could not have known her, and having enquired into the Misfortune of her being reduced to this Misery, and not far distant, finding the Pit where the dead Bodies of the Ladies were buried in, he vowed the most cruel Revenge in the World upon the Giant; but search-

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ing to find him out, he saw he had prevented him, by being his own Executioner.

Whereupon with his sorrowful Lady, he returned with great Grief to the *Amazonian* Pavilion, where the Sight of the deformed *Sabra*, and the Relation of what had further happened, so grieved the fair Queen, that she sunk from her Chair of State, into a deadly Swoon; yet in a little Time being recovered, she bewailed the Misfortunes of her dear Companions and more, that of the fair *Sabra*, endeavouring by Medicines and Art to recover her Beauty, which succeeded so well, that in a few Days she was restored to her charming Lustre.

C H A P. XIV.

How, travelling through a Wilderness, Sabra fell in Labour, and was delivered of three fair Sons: How in St. George's Absence, they were carried away by wild Beasts, and by what Means recovered. How they were crowned in Egypt King and Queen; and what happen'd to the Christian Army in Persia, &c.



ST. George having restored the *Amazonian* Queen to the quiet Possession of her Country, by the dissolving the Inchantment, began to cast in his Mind to what Purpose he departed from *England*, which was to assist his Fellow-Champions, against the *Persian* Soldan, whom he supposed by this Time, fighting in his Quarrel so that taking Leave of the Queen, who parted not with him and his Lady without Tears, he rode through many Desarts and Wildernesses, full of fearful wild Beasts, till at last he was forced to take his Lady from her Palfry, by re-
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son of the exceeding Pain that afflicted her, occasioned by the swelling Burden of her Womb, being ripe for Delivery, which so encreased upon her, that instead of a rich Pavilion, or a stately Alcove in a Palace, she was forced to take up under a spreading Beech, on a Bed of Moss, her Curtains being the spreading Flowers that grew round about it, and her Canopy the spreading Branches of the Tree: But whilst St. George hastened to seek for some Female-assistance to help her in her great Extremity, her Cries wrought such Compassion in the Queen of *Faries*, to whom that Grove was consecrated, that she came not only to help her in her Delivery, which successfully happened, but brought her all Necessaries; so that St. George in his fruitless Return, wondered to find her safely delivered of three fair Sons, placed in three rich Cradles, and she laid on a princely embroider'd Bed, with Curtains of *Persian* Silk, and a crimson Canopy over it: But having heard the Story, he lifted up his Hands to Heaven, and returned immortal Thanks for such a Providence.

Food now being the only Thing that was wanting, after he had kissed his Lady and tender Infants, he went in search of it; but in his Absence great Woe befel, a Lyonsess, a Tygress, and Wolf, came and took the sweet Babes out of the Cradle, the Mother's Strength little availing to rescue them, and her piteous Cries less, so that without hurting them, they bore them away with a mighty swift Pace.

St. George returning with Venison, and some wild Fowl he had taken, was much amazed when he saw his Lady all in Tears, and the Infants

fants gone ; yet no sooner he knew by what means they were conveyed away, but throwing down his Provision he hasted in search of them, vowing either to recover them or to loose his own Life ; along Time he wandred about the Woods and Mountains, till at last by one of their Cries he was directed to them in a Cave at the Bottom of a Rock, where he found them suckling like *Romulus* and *Rhemus*, at the Teats of the before-named furious wild Beasts, from whence he took them without any Interruption, they fawning at his Feet, and in a Token of Kindness, attended him to the Place where *Sabra* lay, and then returned to their respective Dens.

Sabra was exceedingly transported with Joy, when she saw her Children recovered ; so that getting so much Strength as to sit on Horse-back, they went to the Sea-side, took Shipping, and by reason of her Weakness, and his Babes yet undisposed of, he thought it not yet fit to go unto *Persia*, but directed his Course for *Egypt*, and was there waited on by the twelve Peers at his Landing, and most magnificently entertained with all imaginable Demonstrations of Joy ; and such royal Preparations made for the crowning them King and Queen of *Egypt*, that the like had never been seen in that Land before : And so rich were the Presents of Gold, Silver, Pearls, Silks, precious Stones, given at the Coronation by the Nobles, Ladies, and Merchants, that they were sufficient to furnish a pretty Kingdom.

This royal Solemnity having lasted ten Days, with great Feasting and rejoycing, *St. George* (now King of *Egypt* and *Morocco*) caused a Renewal of the Joy at the Christening his three Sons,

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Sons, naming the Eldest *Guy*, the Second *Alexander*, and the Third *David*: And lest any Mishap should befall them in his Absence, or that in *Egypt* they should want Education suitable to their Degree, with much ado he prevailed with his Lady, that he might send them to his Friends in *Europe*, and accordingly he sent the Eldest to *Rome*, to be brought up under the Emperor; the Second to the King of *England*, and the Third to the King of *Bohemia*, where they were carefully brought up in all princely Exercise, appertaining to Arts and Arms, in the Pursuit of which I shall leave them, till they come to Years of more Maturity, whilst *St. George* continued his Travels, and stayed to settle his Affairs in *Egypt*. The other six Champions with their Army, had wasted a great Part of the *Persian* Soldan's Dominions enriching themselves with the Spoils of a hundred Towns and Cities; and in a great Battle, which lasted five Days, and in which two hundred Thousand of the *Pagans* were slain, they gained a mighty Victory, insomuch that the Soldan fearing such another Encounter might be the Ruin of himself and his whole Army, he drew his scattered Forces within the Walls of his grand City of *Belgor*, and fortified it with all Diligence, in the best and strongest Manner: Yet he had not long rested ere the Christian Army incompassed it, and battered the Wall with furious Rams in divers Places, which made them to tremble and rend, so that the Soldan fearing they would enter, went in great haste to *Osmond*, the Necromancer, who had done so much Mischief to the *Amazonians*, and whose enchanted Tower or Castle

Castle was frustrated by the Valour of the *English* Champion, and intreated him, seeing Humane Force availed not, that by his Art Magick he would assist him.

This *Osmond* promised to do if he would Sally out the next Day with all his Power; so when the two Armies were engaged in a bloody Conflict, he went into a dark Valley, and with his Magick-wand making a Circle, and his strange Characters, muttering horrid Charms, immediately the Sky was covered with Blackness, the Clouds were shivered with mighty Thundering and Lightning. Fire run on the Ground, when immediately a pitchy Cloud descended in the Front of the Christian Army, which opening, there issued out a Legion of infernal Spirits, with horrid Cries, who overthrew in many Places, Men and Horses; likewise with the Blasts of Fire that proceeded out of their Mouths, they scorched and miserably burnt others, tossing some up in the Air, who were bruised to Death in the Fall, But the great Banner of the Cross was no sooner displayed, but they all vanished; and then the Christians taking new Courage, slew so many of their Enemies, that the Fields of *Mavors*, whereon they fought, was puddled over with Blood, and piled up with Heaps of dead Bodies.

The Soldan seeing this adverse Fortune, fled with the Remainder a second Time into the City; and there *Osmond* began another manner of Coniuration, which was to transform any Spirits into the Shapes of beautiful Virgins, and by raising an enchanted Pavillion, to ensnare the six Champions in Love by their Alurements,

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ments, and make them forsake the Camp of *Mars*, to sport with them in the Tent of *Venus*: And indeed by their melodious Voices and Inticements, this Stratagem took so well, that it



had proved the Ruin of the Christian Army, had not St *George* luckily arrived in the Day of Battle; for the Soldiers wanting their Leaders, were at the Point to fly, if he, like a Tempest, had not broke into the Front of the Enemy's Army, and by his Exhortations and valiant Deeds, encouraged them to renew the Fight; by which Means the *Persians* were again put to the Rout in all Parts.

Then the noble Champion went to the enchanted Tent, and cutting it in Pieces, with his Sword, reproved, with much Sharpness, the six Knights that lay there captivated in the Laps of seeming Virgins, whereupon these deluding Spirits vanished in Flame, with a great and terrible

rible Noise, which so shamed the Knights to be so imposed on by Inchantment, that they shook off their Sloath, buckled on their Armour, and hasted to their Soldiers, who received them with Joy.

And as St. George returned, he found *Osmond* sitting on a Block of Steel, devising new Charms, and knowing him by the Description the Giant had given of him, he seized him, and bound him fast to a blasted Oak, in Fetters of Adamant; whereupon the Power of his Magick left him, and there he remained lamenting his woful Case, and gnawing his Flesh till a Legion of infernal Spirits fetched him away Body and Soul, with great and hideous Howlings, Thunder and Lightning, &c,

St. George having restored Things to what they were at first, exhorted his Soldiers to a general Assault on the City, which they the next Morning stormed in ten several Places, making the Street float with Blood, and so breaking into the Palace, took the Soldan and his Vice-roys or Governors of Kingdoms under him Prisoners; these Six, upon paying great Ransoms, were set at Liberty; but the Soldan refusing to turn Christian, and blaspheming the God of Heaven, was cast into the Dungeon, wherein he had imprisoned St. George Seven Years; where making a pitious Complaint, and cursing his Stars, he ended his miserable Life, by beating out his Brains against a Stone-pillar. Then by general Consent, St. George was proclaimed Emperor; but soon after returned with the other Champions for *England*, and was received with more Joy than can be here expressed.

The



The renowned and Famous

HISTORY

Of the Seven

Champions of *Christendom.*

The Second Part.

CHAP. I.

How St. George and the other Champions arrived in England, and sent for Sabra and his Three Sons, who came to London: how, by a Fall in a Hunting-match, she came by her Death; the manner of her Burial and Tomb; how the Seven Champions hereupon vowed a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and how the three young Princes were warned by their Mother's Ghost to follow them; and of the Rescue they brought to a Lady, &c.

THE Seven Champions after overcoming a terrible Storm at Sea, and destroying several Pirates that set upon them in Hopes of a rich Prize, safely landed in England, where

where they were received with great Expressions of Joy, especially in the famous City of *London*, where they held their Residence; and during the Time of the Feasts and Triumphs were made in Honour of them, *St. George* being mindful of the dear Pledges of his Love, sent divers gallant Knights into *Egypt*, to attend his beautiful *Sabra* into his native Country: Writing Letters to the Emperor of *Rome*, and the two Kings who had his Sons in Tuition, to send them to him; they being by this Time grown to Years of Maturity; all of them happily arrived together, and received a Welcome beyond Expression.

When among other princely Sports, solemn Hunting was appointed in the spacious Forest, which then stood where now *Barnet* stands: The fair *Sabra*, willing to see the Activity and noble Courage of her Sons in that princely Sport, resolved to accompany her Lord, mounted with her Silver Bow, Quiver, and Breast-plate, like *Diana* on a fiery *Spanish* Gennet.

They no sooner enter'd the Forest, but three Drops of Blood fell from *St. George's* Nose, and a Flock of croaking Ravens flew round him; these Signs much perplexed him, as having always been the Fore-runners of some Danger to him. Yet a stately Stag being roused, they following of the Chase, somewhat diverted his melancholy Thoughts; but, alas! this Pastime was soon turned into Mourning, for fair *Sabra* straining her Horse to keep Pace with the Foremost, he startled suddenly upon the Turn of the Stag, and threw her with a violent Force into a prickly

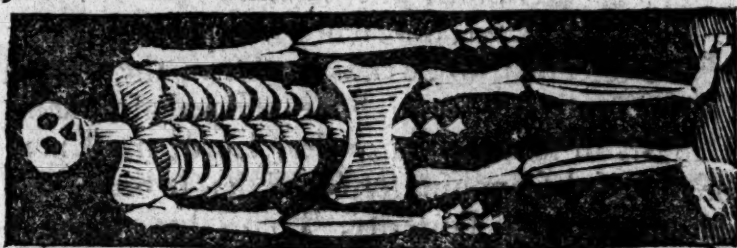
prickly Brake full of deadly sharp Thorns, which so rent and tore her Snow-white Skin in every Part, that it was was changed into a Crimson, so that the Blood gushed out amain, notwithstanding all that her Lord and the rest could do, she found, through the Bruise she had received, and the Loss of Blood, she had not long to live; wherefore tenderly kissing him, who stood over her, all bedewed in Tears, and embracing her Sons, she said,

Ah, cruel and too hasty Destiny ! wherein have I offended, to be thus cut off in the Bloom of my Years ? I who have escaped so many Dangers in following my dear Lord, must now be divorced from him for ever ! let it be recorded of me to all Posterity, That I have been a kind, chaste, and loving Wife, my Thoughts never straying from him ; nor shall Death ever destroy my Love ; but if Soul's separated from the Body retain any Knowledge of earthly Things, my Love and Constancy shall ever remain firm and unshaken.

Then turning to her Sons, weeping and embracing them, she gave them her Blessing, charging them to follow their Father's Steps in honourable and virtuous Ways, succouring the Oppressed, and chastizing Tyrants, not to injure Orphans or Widows, nor wrong the Chastity of Damsels : After which, fetching a deep Sigh, she sunk down in the Arms of her Husband, pale Death eternally closing the Eyes of the fairest Creature that ever breathed on Earth in endless Slumber ; whose unfortunate End turned the Joy of the whole Land into deep Sorrow

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row and Mourning. Her Funeral was celebrated with all the solemn Pomp imaginable, and a stately Tomb raised over her, on which were various curious Devices engraven, resembling her Chastity, Constancy, Beauty, and all the Ornaments of her Graces and Virtues. Her Sons making this Epitaph on her, hanging it over her sleeping Image, ingravened on a Tablet of Silver, set with precious Stones :



*Reader, pass not, but let thy Tears be shed
Over the beauteous, and the virtuous Dead ;
Loyal and Chaste she was, and all her Life,
Did pattern out a kind and loving Wife.
By the hard Destinies her Doom was wrought,
A cruel Fall her sad Destruction wrought.*

*Yet though her Body lies in this cold Tomb,
The Earth's too scanty for her Soul's vast Doom ;
It's wing'd for Heaven, and took a hasty Flight,
For Crowns of Blessings in the Realms of Light :
However, weep, since Death hath taken more
Than Nature to the World can e're restore.*

After the Funeral Solemnities was over, St. George vowed to go a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem barefooted in poor Attire, to view the Holy Sepulchre, and other Things highly in Esteem with Christian Pilgrims, so to expiate for his
Sins,

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Sins, and Appease the Ghost of his departed Lady, by whose unlucky Hunting-match, she had lost her Life. This Resolution being made known to the other six Champions, they for the Love they bore him, resolved to accompany him in the same Manner : And so, embracing his Sons, leaving them Plenty of all manner of Riches, with his Blessing, and recommending them to the Care of the King, he took his Journey with his Companions, clambering over, Rocks and Mountains, wading over Rivers passing thro' thorny Wildernesses, making the bare Ground their Bed, and Heaven their Canopy ; their Drink being of the Fountain, and their Diet the wild Fruits of the Forest. In which long and painful Journey, I must leave them for a Time, and return to the three young Princes, Sons to the noble *English* Champion, who were left at Home to mourn over their Mother's Tomb ; in this they so contended who should exceed each other in Sorrow, that they fell at Variance about it ; yet at last agreed to try an Experiment to conclude, which was, That he who could bring the rarest Present, and present it on her Monument, should be worthily accounted chief Mourner, whereupon the Eldest repaired to an Inchantress that lived in a Cave, in a Wood some Miles on the North of the City, who for a great Reward, though it was in the Depth of Winter, sent her Spirit to fetch all Manner of curious fragrant Flowers that the Earth could afford ; these she made up into a Crown like a Garland, and so Incharnted them, that they should never Fade, but be ever blooming,

ing, and cast an odoriferous Scent. The next in Birth brought a Silver Lute, which he hanged so advantageously, that at every breathing of the Wind, the Lute would Tune melodiously without being touched with Humane Hands. The Third came attired in white silver Robes, with a silver Bason and a Ponyard in his Hands, when opening his Bosom, he pricked his tender Flesh with the Sharp-pointed Weapon, and let out thirty Drops of his Blood into the Bason, which he offered on the Tomb, as the dearest Thing he could produce to express his Affections to his dead Mother; so that his two other Brothers concluded he had gotten the Glory from them, fell upon him with violent Hands to slay him; when immediately the Tomb flew open, and their Mother's Ghost appeared, charging them to forbear, and live in Unity as they tender'd her Soul's Rest; also that they should haste to the HOLY LAND to their Father's Rescue, who was there in Captivity, and great Danger of his Life; and so immediately vanishing into the Air, the Tomb closed again.

This unexpected Sight not only struck them with Fear and Trembling, but made them bind themselves mutually with an Oath to be in perpetual Unity and Concord, never to disagree, but stand by and assist each other to their Deaths. Then remembering what was told them concerning their Father, they told it to the King, and desired his Leave to depart; whereupon, though he was loath to consent, yet the urgent Necessity requiring it, he furnished them

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them with stately Horses, Armour, and all Things necessary for their Journey, with Ships to transport them; and embracing them with a fatherly Kindness, they were dismissed, to pursue their intended Voyage, and sailing up the Straights, they landed on the Coast of Province, in France, where travelling by the Side of a large Forest, they heard the lamentable Cry of



a distressed Virgin; which made them alight, and tying their Horses to a Beech-tree, enter the Woods with their drawn Swords, wherein they had not far gone, but directed by the Cry, which yet continued in a pitious Manner, but they beheld a beauteous Virgin lying on her Back, in an unseemly Posture, and coming nearer, they perceived she was fast staked down to the Ground by the Hair of the Head, her

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Arms

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Arms

Arms and Hands stretched out, were tyed to two Holly-shrubs, and her Legs fastened very wide asunder in like Manner, as if she had been stretched on a Rack. The bashful young Knights at this unusual Sight began to retire and cover their Faces that overspread with Blushes; however, at last taking Courage, they threw their Scarfs of Knighthood over the Lady, to cover her Nakedness, and unbound her with all the Speed they could, by reason that through an extraordinary Sense of Modesty, she fainted at the Sight of them.

Being come to herself, she fell on her Knees, and thanked them for her timely Rescue, and whilst they were impatient to know who had offered her this insufferable Injury, she thus began :

Worthy Christian Knights; for so by the bloody Crosses you wear on your Shields, I esteem you to be, I return you a thousand Thanks for the timely rescue you brought to the saving my Chastity, when I was at the Point to be Ravished by three deformed Moors, who dragged me from my aged Father's little Mansion hither, having tyed him to a blasted Tree, not far distant from hence, where I tear, for Grief, he will Expire before I can Return to let him see your Courtesie I am in Safety.

This she no sooner said, but the Knights, inflamed with Anger, instantly demanded which Way the Villains went, that they might chastise their Insolency with Death; and being directed by her, *Alexander* stayed with her as her Guard, whilst the others pursued the Moors; and in
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the mean Time sitting on a Mossy Bank, she told him she was Daughter to the Duke of *Normandy*, whose Country the Tyrannous *French* King had Over-run, and taken from him ; so that in poor Attire wandering, as Exiles, they at length had built a little Hut with Branches of Trees in that Forest, and cover'd it with Turf, living on what they found, as wild Fruits, Roots, &c. till Providence should better order their Affairs, by stirring up some neighbouring Prince to compel a Restitution of what had been so unjustly raken from them : And that in such their low Estate, they had lived in Peace and sweet Content, till these Moors, who came with their Javelings into the Forest to steal Venison, unluckily found out their Abode, and added new Sorrow to their tender Hearts ; at this she let fall a Shower of Tears, which was scarce dry'd up, when *Guy* and *David*, the two young Princes, who went in search, came, bringing the Heads of the Moors in their Hands, having taken them from off their cowardly Bodies, where they found them close hid in a Thicket, almost dead for Fear.

This being done, the Lady led them towards a little Cot, where the good old Duke was bound to a Tree ; he at the Sight of his Daughter's Return in such noble Company, conceiving the best had happen'd, fell into a Swoond for Joy ; and in the Extasie of such a Passion, Nature being worn out, and wasted in him, he yielded up his aged Life, which drew fresh Floods of Tears from the Lady's Eyes ; nor

could the Knights refrain to weep with her ; so comforting her in the best wise they could, and helping her to bury her Father under a Bed of Violets, seeing she was resolved by Vow to stay by his Grave and weep over it for a Twelve-month, and that no Intreaties or Persuasions could alter her Intention, they kindly recommending her to the Care and Protection of Heaven, took their Leave of her, and prosecuted their Way towards *Jerusalem* : So on their Journey I must also leave them, to enquire after the seven Champions that had been gone long before to view the *HOLY LAND*.

C H A P. II:

How the seven Champions in their Way tryed the Adventure of the Golden Fountain: How St. George killed there a mighty Giant, and released the other Six that were taken Prisoners: Of their Arrival at the Holy Sepulchre, and how they were warned by a Voice to depart thence: How being almost famished, St. George relieved them by killing a Giant in Arabia, &c.



TH E seven Champions after many a weary Step, arrived within the Confines of the flourishing City of *Damascus*, where it growing towards Evening, and they perceiving on a spacious Plain, a little aside them, a very stately Building, went thither, being still clad in

Palmer's Weeds, to enquire for Entertainment till the Morning: Upon their Approach, they found the Gates open, and all Things appearing very Stately and Magnificent, which caused them to ring a little Silver-bell, that hung on the Side-post: At the Sound of which a grave Person, whose Head was as white as Snow, came and welcomed them; and having refreshed them with Provisions, and comforted their Hearts with *Persian* Wine, he led them to see the Stateliness of his Mansion, which seemed more liker a Paradise, than a private Man's Habitation; being guilded and adorned with several rare Devices of Gold, Silver, Brass, Iron, precious Stones, representing the four Ages of the World, Goddesses, Nymphs, Graces, and other curious Things, too Tedious to recite, which highly pleased them, and made them enquire by what curious Artist they were done, which made him fetch a deep Sigh; saying,

I once had many Sons, though now but few, who were curiously skilled in all rare Workmanship, that Ingenuity could reach to, or ingenious Minds comprize; but Fourteen of them have I unfortunately lost; Six of the Youngest only remaining with me.

Whereupon he called them out of a Closet, who came playing on their silver Lutes Melodious, as the Musick of the Spheres, which ravished the Champions with Delight; but especially casting their Eyes on the Beauty of these lovely Children, made them the more earnestly enquire, by what Means he lost the rest?

Where-

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Whereupon, sitting down on a Couch embroidered with Gold and Pearl, he thus began :

It so happened that I being skilled in *Alchymy*, and finding out the Secrets in Nature, through my Art, discovered some Miles from hence, a Mineral Water, which would turn any base Metal steeped therein, into Gold and Silver, in twenty four Hours : This I made into a curious Fountain, and kept the Virtue of it private as long as I could, heaping up much Riches this Way, building a curious Castle by it ; but at last, by what Means I am Ignorant, the important Secret coming to be known, many Knights and others in Arms, came to dispossess me of it by Force, but my valiant Sons so nobly defended it, that they put them frequently to the Foil, and by their Courage maintained my Right ; till at last a mighty monstrous Giant, whose Skin no Cart can pierce, came from his Dwelling in a vast Cave, under Mount *Sion* in *Arabia* : And by his Matchless Force, after a long Combat, took my Sons Prisoners, and seized my Castle ; whereupon I by a Back-way (with these my younger Sons, whose tender Years were not then capable of making much Resistance) fled to this Place which I had before builded, nor value I the Loss of my Fountain so much, as the Affliction of my Children, who lye in a Dungeon of a Rock under the Castle, in heavy Chains, fed only with Bread and Water, and there they must continue till some good Knights, by destroying the Giant to deliver them, if it be possible to be performed by Humane Strength.

This Discourse, and the Tears that trickled and surrounded his aged Face, moved the noble Warriors to ease his Grief, and confiding in him to keep secret, they freely discovered themselves who they were, which made him fall on his Knees, and Embrace them; greatly rejoicing, for he had heard much of their Fame and noble Actions: Whereupon he led them to his Armory, which was rarely furnished with warlike Habiliments, out of which every one chose what he liked best; but because there was but a single Giant to contend with, that the Fame of him that should be Victor, might rise the Higher, they resolved to cast Lots; the first Lot fell upon *St. Dennis*, who was made Prisoner by the Giant, as were likewise Five more of them, though they behaved themselves with great Courage, but the Reason they fared so ill, was, That the Giant's Skin was not penetrable by Sword.

These Misfortunes much grieved *St. George*, who was to try the last Adventure, whereupon guessing at the Reason of their not succeeding, he took a mighty Iron Bar, sharp at one End as a Pike, and so went towards the Giant, who stood by the Fountain-side; and after a bloody Combat, struck him so full on the Head, that he brought him to the Ground with a dismal Roar, such as made the Castle tremble; and leaving him there expiring, he went into the Castle with the Keys, and set the Prisoners at Liberty, to their great Joy, but more exceedingly to the Joy of the sorrowful aged Man, when he saw his Sons whom he gave over for
Lost,

Lost, return in Safety : Whereupon he tenderly embraced *St. George*, accounting him the most accomplished Knight in the World ; and being restored to the Possession of his Castle and Golden Fountain, he many Days feasted them in a sumptuous Manner, and then bestowing on them many rich Gifts, he dismissed them to proceed on their Journey, so they travelled on



till they came to fair *Jerusalem*, without encountering any considerable Adventure.

Here they were welcomed by many Christian Pilgrims and Knights, and immediately proceeded to visit the Holy Sepulchre, and pay their Vows there, in remembrance of the unfortunate Death of the beauteous *Sabra*. This Sepulchre stands in a curious Chapel, descend-

ing a story under-ground, in the Middle of the City, on Mount Sion, cut out of white Marble, garnished with curious carving Work, supported by Pillars of Jet, inlaid with Jaspers and Rubies, the Gates of the Chapel are overlayed with Gold and Silver, and before the Tomb burns twelve golden Lamps with spicy Oyls, casting a curious Frangrancy, watched by twelve pure Virgins in white Vestments, who have dedicated themselves to that Office. But whilst they were kneeling here, they heard this in a curious sounding Musical Note,

*Rise noble Champions, linger here no more,
Your Arms the World requires, depart therefore,
And with your Valours and the Christian Cause;
The Time of noble Actions now near draws:
By mighty Deeds, endless to Crown your Name,
And write your Works in golden Characters of Fame:
And you chaste Virgins that do here reside,
Horses and Armour must for them provide.*

This was no sooner over, but a Sound as of heavenly Musick insued, the Virgins led them to a Place in the Side of the Mountain, where they found Armour and Horses according to their Quality, upon which they took their leave of the fair Virgins, and being armed at all Points, mounted and rode out of the City, in search of new Adventures: But passing through the Wilderneffes of Arabia, and not in many Leagues happening on any Town, Village, or single House, they began to faint with Hunger, and wish that instead of Silver and Gold, they had

had brought Provisions, as the more useful in this Extremity of the Two; so that they began to make heavy Complaints, upon the account of the War that Famine made against them, till at last they alighted in the Evening, Weary and Disconsolate, where they had but an ill resting under a Tree all Night; so the next Morning they mounted very Feeble on their Horses, and followed the nearest Road to a Smoke they saw on the Side of a great Mountain resolving to be a Guest there, whither welcome or not. So that *Sr. George* who bore this Affliction better than any of the rest, rode



a pretty way before them, to be their Purveyor for them: yet he no sooner came up to demand Succour, but out of a huge Cave issued a Giant, .very

very terrible to behold, but in such haste, that he left his massy Bar of Iron behind him; and seeing but one armed Knight, he little regarded to fetch it, thinking to brain him with his Fist, or crush him to pieces in his Arms; but St. George seeing the Giant come at him with great Fury, lifting himself on his Stirrups, and nimbly tracing his Horse aside, smote him with his Battle-ax so full on the Crown, that he clove his huge thick Skull, that with a mighty Noise and shaking the Earth with his Fall, he gave up the Ghost; by what Time the other Champions were come up, so that entering together into the Cave, they found a Cauldron as big as a Brewer's Copper, boiling over a huge Fire, and in it the Flesh of a large Ox: Searching further, they found Wine, Bread, and other Necessaries, so that they refreshed themselves, and recovering their former Strength, and having delivered divers miserable Captives of either Sex, out of Slavery, and given them as a Recompence, all the Giant's, and a peaceable Possession of the Place, they departed in search of other Adventures.

C H A P. III.

How the Seven Champions met with a Chrystal Shrine, in which was inclosed a murdered Lady, laid in a sable Tent; how they heard the woful Story of a great old Man vowing Revenge, went to the black Inchanted Castle, where, after a fierce Combat, they by Stratagem were imprisoned in a Dungeon.



THE Champions leaving the Giant's Cave, passed over the Mountains in a fair Plain, stored with some Towns, and many pretty Villages; on these Plains were numerous Flocks of Sheep feeding, and far had they not passed on these flowery Downs, but they espied a Pavilion, erected under a Tuft of *Cyprus-trees*; whereupon, desirous to be better instructed in the Ways of the Country, they rode up to it, and

and found there an old reverend Man sitting in a melancholy Posture, over a Christal Shrine or Case, wherein was the Body of a dead Virgin much mangled, and cruelly minsd. This doleful Sight struck them with Sadness and Wonder, whereupon alighting from their Horses, they resolved to enquire into the Meaning of that, which appeared to them so great a Mystery.

The reverend old Man peceiving their earnest Desire to enquire into his Misfortunes, hoping they might be a Means to revenge him of the Injuries he suffered. After a Flood of Tears had gushed from his aged Eyes, thus began :

I am, said he, Lord of all these Plains, and though my Profession is but a Shepherd, yet Providence has so blessed my Industry, that I have large Possessions ; but above all, I was happy in two chaste and beautiful Daughters, who now by cruel Means, are in the cold Embraces of Death : And here, said he, pointing to the Christal Shrine, you see one of them lye murdered before your Eyes,

Upon this the Champion fetched a deep Sigh, and entreated him to give a Relation of her Tragedy ; which, as they were true Knights, if he so required it, should be revenged at full, on those who had caused so great a Wickedness, as the Shedding an innocent Virgin's Blood.

To that End, said the aged Man, have I continued in this mournful Place for many Weeks, in Hopes some courteous Knights would give me that Satisfaction, before I close my aged Eyes in a long Slumber, and then I must dye
content-

contentedly. Then to answer your Request, there resides not many Miles from hence, one *Leoger*, stiling himself Knight, a Man very rich and powerful, but of a lustful and wicked Temper, as will appear : For falling in Love with my eldest Daughter, I not knowing then what Temper he was of, consented to the Match, and the Nuptial was kept with much Pomp and Grandeur, but having reaped the Pleasures of Love, his Mind was wavering and changeable, for casting his Eyes on my youngest Daughter, who was indeed the most beautiful of the two ; he inviting her in a kind Manner to his House to visit her Sister, after her Lying-in ; by the Way carried her into a thick Wood, and began to tell her the Story of his Passion, but she detesting so great a Wickedness, and reproving him sharply, he grew outrageous, stripped her naked, and tyed her to a Tree ; but she that had rather dye than lose her Chastity, endured not only this Shame, but he, scourging of her tender Flesh, with the Whip he managed his Horse withal, but no Force or Intreaty prevailing for her Consent, he in an inhuman Manner, forced her Chastity, as she stood bound to the Tree, and then strangled her, that she might not discover, covering her dead Body with Boughs. These Passages, her little Page, who had undiscovered followed her, saw from behind a Thicket, but durst not then cry out, for fear of being murdered by him. But *Leoger*, the bloody Monster, was no looner departed, but he ran to my married Daughter, and told her all the Circumstances,

stances, who was thereupon so over transported with Horror and Rage, that coming into her disloyal Husband's Chamber, where he had thrown himself by this Time on his Bed, to consider more leisurely of the Mischief; and after she had reproached him, she made at him with a Dagger to kill him, but missing her Blow, she stabbed her tender Infant, and after herself to the Heart; soon after this killing



News by the Page, I fetched my younger Daughter's Body, and have inshrined it as you see, that her Story might the better move Compassion and Revenge.

At this sad Relation the Champions were greatly incensed, and hastily departed to work their Revenge on the Knight of the Black Castle: So taking their Leaves, and having sufficient Directions to find it, they made no tarrying

tarrying by the Way; but in riding about ten Leagues, came in Sight of it, standing in a very pleasant Country, full of Cattle, and pleasant Fruits; in the Woods and Forests wild Beasts of all Sorts; but the Access to it was very difficult, by reason of a mighty steep Moat round it, and the Draw-bridge over it drawn up.

This Knight moreover doubting Revenge, would be sought for the Blood of the murdered Innocents, had not only got in a strong Guard, but leagued with a Necromancer, to fortify his Castle by Magic-art, it being before by Art and Nature very strong and stately, glistening with Gold and precious Stones; before the Gate of the Draw-bridge stood a Pillar, on which by a golden Chain hung a Silver Trumpet, and on a Tablet of Silver these Lines:

*He that this Trumpet sounds, will perceive strait
The Draw-bridge fall, and open fly the Gate;
Yet of your entering here, you must take heed,
Lest for presuming it, you smart and bleed.*

However, St George not to be daunted at any Threats, put the Instrument of War to his Mouth, and sounded so loud, that the Foundation of the Castle trembled; the Bridge was let down, and the Gate opened; so tying fast their Horses at the Foot of the Bridge, they resolved to make their Passage good over it against all Opponents; but scarcely were they entered on it, but a mighty Darkness made them scarce know where they were, yet going down a great Pair,

Pair of Stairs, the dark Cloud by little and little vanished, when they could plainly see the treacherous Knight with his Necromancer, and divers many Giants standing on the Battlements of the Castle, whom they challenged to come down and fight it out in the Court-yard, with Brands of Cowards, and many reproachful Words, especially to *Leoger*, the wicked Author of so much Mischiefe, which he answered with a fierce and threatening Reply, sending down twelve Giants to kill them, or take them Prisoners



ners) so that between them happened a dreadful Combat of many Hours: But such was the Knights good Luck; that the Giants in the End, were all slain or disabled, which made *Leoger* storm exceedingly, and had thrown himself over the Battlements for Grief, had not the Necromancer persuaded him, that his Art, should

should accomplish what Strength failed to do. Whereupon he fell to his Conjunction with horrid Muttering, and thereby framed an airy Spirit in the Shape of a beauteous Woman, who leaning in a melancholy Posture on her Hand, within an Iron-gate, seemed to make great Lamentations, whilst Tears flowed in abundance from her Eyes ; but when they approached to demand the Cause of her Sorrow, she drew back, and another appeared Tall and Majestick, clad in golden Armour, with a silver Spear, a Bow and Quiver of Gold, her Hair hanging loosely under a Helmet of Silver, set with precious Stones ; but whilst they were admiring what stately Dame it should be, they received several mighty Blows on their Shoulders, when turning to see from whom they came, they perceived the Appearance of five or six Knights running into the Castle, at a little Wicket, where thinking to revenge their Courdage, and that they might enter Pell-mell with them : The Champions pursued in great haste, but no sooner entered, e're altogether they fell through a Trap-door, into a wide dark Dungeon, paved with dead Men's Bones.

This base Surpize extreamly vexed them, but it was in Vain, for it being exceeding deep, and the Trap door by which they fell, they found themselves at the Mercy of a cruel Enemy, yet with undaunted Hearts, they stood upon their Guard ; yet searching about if there might by Chance no other Door or Place be found, by which they might recover their Liberty ; by a glimmering Light that came through a Crevis
of

of the Wall, they espyed a stately Bed, upon which Six of the Champions no sooner sat to rest their weary Limbs, after their long Toil, but they fell into a sound Sleep: Such was the Inchantment of that Bed, that St. George who escaped the Snare, could by no Means awake them, though he laboured all he could to do it. In the mean while the Magician descended in an ugly and affrighting Shape, which would have terrified any other Man; his Hair being turned into hissing Snakes, and his Mouth vomitting Flame, threatening him with a miserable Death and Destruction, as he might find by the Bones scattered in the Place, many had been served; but notwithstanding these Menaces, his undaunted Courage failed not, for had not the Conjuror vanished away, he had at a mighty Blow taken off his Head.

One Monster was no sooner gone, but another terrible one arose out of a Fountain, at the other End of the Cave, in the Shape of a monstrous Dragon, with whom he had a fierce Combat, till piercing his speckled Belly with his Sword, it, with a terrible Yell, that made the Dungeon tremble, yielded up its Breath, and after that he had no Disturbance, but the Grief to see himself confined, and his Companions so enchanted; in which deplorable Condition, I must leave him for a Time, and return to his three Sons, who came in search for him.

The Renowned and Famous

HISTORY OF

St. *G E O R G E*'s

Three SONS,

Guy, David, and Alexander.

The Third Part.

C H A P. I.

How the Three Sons of St. George, going in Quest of their Father, and the Six other Champions; arrived at Sicily, where they destroyed a hideous Monster, which had devoured above Five Hundred Men. How they discomfited an Army of Thracians, and took their King Prisoner, killing two monstrous Giants, and releasing the King of Thessaly out of the Inchaned Castle, and breaking the Inchantment, the Castle instantly vanished.

IN pursuance of their Design, St. George's three Sons, being more inclined to follow the Camp of Mars, than the Courts of Venus, resolved to pursue knightly Adventures in Foreign Lands, and to find out their Father, and

and the rest; and being furnished with all Necessaries for their Voyage, they went Aboard a *Sicilian* Vessel, and in a short Time arrived at that famous Island, and travelling up into the Country, they found a great Number of Towns and stately Palaces, without Man, Woman or Child within them, which made them Conjecture that some desolating Pestilence had swept away the Inhabitants; and for fear of Infection, they rather chose to take their Lodging in the open Fields, having the green Earth for their Bed, and the starry Sky for their Canopy, where they reposed as sweetly as if they had lain upon a Bed of Down: The Morning approaching, and the glorious Lamp of Heaven beginning to enlighten the Heaven, they were surprized with such an horrible Noise, that it seemed to rend the Rocks in sunder, which made the young Knights buckle on their Armour, and stand in their own Defence, which was a necessary Precaution; since soon after they perceived a horrible deformed Monster to approach them, of a vast Height, and dreadful Shape, with Claws like an Eagle, and Eyes like a flaming Fire, the Earth seeming to tremble with his Weight, and appearing like a Mountain, which so affrighted their Horses, they could hardly govern them.

These three valiant Knights, who were true Sons of their renowned Father's, were nothing appeal'd at this horrible Sight: Sir *Guy* the Eldest, first approached this dreadful Monster, whose Scales being as hard as Brass, his Spear was shivered into an hundred Pieces, so that he

was

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was obliged to assault him with his sharp Scymitar, but the Monster raising himself on a sudden, seized upon the Arm of *Guy*, with his dreadful Claws, so that notwithstanding his Armour, the Knight could hardly have disengaged himself, had not his Brother, Sir *David*,



suddenly come into his Rescue : Sir *Alexander*, at the same Time, gave such a terrible Blow on the Head of the Monster, that it made him stagger, but at the same Instant so intangled himself in the Legs of Sir *Alexander's* Horse, that he threw his Master to the Ground, which the Monster observing, was just ready to fall upon him, and destroy him, had not the valiant Sir *David* prevented it, by giving him such a furious Blow on the Breast that he fell backward, though the Sword was not able to pierce his tough Skin ; upon which Sir *Guy* dismounting, thrust the Sword down the Monster's Throat, whose

whose Teeth were so sharp, that he bit the Blade asunder, one half continuing in his Throat, which caused him to send forth a most hedious Cry like Thunder; but having received his Death's Wound, in a short Time he expired, to the great Joy of the Victors; his Body being ten Yards in Length, from Head to Tail, and his Carcass twenty hundred Weight, his Claws being answerable, and the Scales on his Body almost impenitible.

These young Champions, after Thanks to the immortal Powers for their Success, left the nauseous Carcase of this foul Monster on the Ground, and proceeded farther up into the Country, in Hopes to meet with some of those affrighted Inhabitants, who had deserted their Houses for fear of this devouring Monster, and to get some Refreshment after this hazardous Encounter, and at length came to a lonesome Valley, where they perceived a Smoke to Issue out of a Cave, or little Cell under Ground, and approaching thereto, an aged Hermit appeared at the Door, clothed in a long Friezgarment, his white Hairs, and his meager Countenance discovering a Mind overwhelmed with Grief; the Knights saluted him very kindly, and desired him to give them an Account how all the Country they had passed through was destitute of People. The Hermit perceiving they were Strangers who seem to be inclined to warlike Atchievements, and defied all Dangers he courteously invited them into his Cottage, and finding by their Discourse, that they could meet with no Sustenance in their Travels to that Place,

Place, desired them to repose themselves a while, and afterward partake of the Viands his Hermitage afforded, which kind Offer, they with many Thanks accepted of; after which he gave them the following Relation.

Sir Knights, said he, for so by your Deportment, and martial Accoutrements, you seem to be: be it known unto you that the Country wherein you now are, is called *Sicily*, an Island formerly abounding with all Things both for Necessity and Delight, and was counted the Granary of the World, and would still continue so, if the Natives durst manure the same, but now our Streets, which used to be crowded with Inhabitants, are abandoned and destitute of People, by reason of a dreadful Monster, which lately appeared upon our Coasts, and lives both in Water and upon Land; he was first perceived by some of our Herdsmen, that saw him sporting upon the Waves of the Sea, who soon spying them, made instantly to the Shore, upon which they betook themselves to Flight, but their Haste could not secure them, for the Monster being swift of Foot, overtook and seized upon some of the hindermost of them, whom he soon swallowed up in his infernal Paunch, and finding the Sweetness of Human Flesh, he delights more in devouring Men than Beasts, and hath thereby destroyed near Five Hundred of Persons, being sent from Hell to punish Mankind; the People call him *Mongo*, and are so affrighted at his dreadful Cruelty, that they have left all their Lands and Habitations, and made the Country desolate,

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there being no Champion so valiant as to dare to assault him; so that he ruins all the Island without any Opposition; thus, most courageous Knights, you have the true Cause of the Desolation, of which you have been Eye-witnesses, and from which we have no Hopes of Deliverance, till some redoubted Knights shall undertake this perilous Adventure, from which our King hath promised considerable Rewards to encourage such an honourable Atchievement, which besides the great Benefit of our Country will be a Blessing to all Mankind, in freeing them from so dreadful an Enemy.

The Hermit ended his Discourse with a deep Sigh, when Sir *Guy* the valiant Knight, and eldest Son of *St. George*, answered him thus, with a smiling Countenance: Father, said he, if this be the Cause of all your Sorrow, to ease you thereof, I do here assure you that the Stars have been propitious to *Sicily*, and delivered you from all your Miseries, for by the victorious Arms of me, and my two Brothers, this monstrous Beast *Mongo* is slain and destroyed; the Hermit was so over-joyed at the News, that his Spirits were almost suffocated with the Extasy which it brought him into; being somewhat recovered, What Thanks, saith he, can we render to Heaven, and you, for your unmatched Manhood, and fortunate Success.

As they were thus discoursing, an Herald at Arms in his Coat of Armour, attended with four Knights in Mourning, passed by, who was sent by the King to proclaim in all Foreign Realms, That if any Knight would be so adventurous,

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as to encounter with this mischievous Monster *Mongo*, he should be made a Peer of the Kingdom, and be presented with a Golden Helmet, as a Recompence of his Valour: The three



young Champions being acquainted with his Message, they told him, That his Search was now at an End, since *Mongo* was already destroyed, and one of the Knights returning with these glad Tydings to the King, the rest went with the three young Knights to view the Carcass of this horrid Creature; and were then invited by the Herald, to wait upon the King at *Syracusa*, where he kept his Court; so taking leave of the Hermit, they proceeded toward the City.

The King upon the Account given him by the Messenger of this glorious Action, ordered all the Bells to ring, and Bonfires to be made

for Joy; and the King, attended by a numerous Train of Nobles, in a Chariot with Pillars of Silver, and lined with carnation Velvet, and a very great Appearance of other Lords and Gentlemen came to meet them, and when they arrived, he courteously embraced them; and after some Complements had passed, he took them into his Coach, and so entered Triumphantly into the Palace, and were received with all Demonstrations of Kindness by the Queen and her beautiful Daughters, who excelled the rest of the *Sicilian* Ladies, as well in Charms as Dignity; and the same Evening the King appointed a great Dancing, and the three Knights took out each of them one of the Princesses, and all Things were managed with the greatest Mirth, Gallantry, and Contentment in the World.

The Knight being far spent in Pleasure and Jollity, they all retired to their Beds, but no sooner did the glowing *East* display her Colours, and the Sun gilded the Horizon with golden Colours, when the shrill Noise of a Silver Trumpet sounding at the Palace-gates, raised them from their pleasant Slumbers, to know the Meaning of it, and were soon acquainted, That it was a *Thessalian* Knight, attended by a Trumpeter and an Esquire, who came with a Message to the *Sicilian* King, who having Audience acquainted his Majesty, That his coming thither was to implore his Assistance in Behalf of the distressed Country of *Thessaly*, oppressed by the Tyranny of the King of *Thrace*, who being given over to all Licentiousness; and degenerating from the Royalty of a Prince, desired

of the King of *Thessaly* that he might marry *Cornelia*, his only Daughter, but both she and her Father rejecting his Request with Indignation, he resolved to obtain by Force, what he could not procure by Favour, and instantly raising a puissant Army, which we were unprovided to oppose; the King thinking himself secure by the mutual League of Peace they had entered into, so that the *Thessalian* Troops soon over-run a great Part of the Country, reducing the principal Forts and Castles, and destroying all before them. The King of *Thessaly* raised all the Strength he was able, to stop the Fury of this perjured Conqueror; who had a Giant of a terrible Shape and Stature, and the Strength of Ten ordinary Men, whose Name was *Codro*, wearing a Coat of Mail, and a Suit of Armour of two hundred Pound Weight, fighting always a Foot, no Horse being able to bear him; and the King of *Thessaly* running against him with his Lance, it shivered into a Thousand Pieces, nor could his Sword avail him against the Giant's Armour, although he attackt him so vigorously, that the Sparks of the Fire flew from it; who so little regarded his impotent Attacks, that perceiving him to be the *Thessalian* King, who was almost tired with long fighting, he claspt his Arms about him, and carried both Horse and Man together into his Tent; and from thence the Giant conveyed him into his Castle, which is very strong, and he having an Associate, who understands the Black Art, the *Thessalians* much doubt whether they shall ever recover their King again; after this Mis-

fortune the *Theſſalians* fled, and diſperſed themſelves about the Country for their own Safety. The Victorious King of *Thrace* marched thence with his Army, to the City of *Lariſſa*, wherein



was the peerleſs and beautiful *Cornelia*, and which he has now ſo ſtraitly beſieged, that without ſpeedy Aid, it is in Danger to be loſt; Our Nobles and Commons do therefore humbly beg your Maſteſty's Aſſiſtance, to ſave their bleeding Country from utter Deſtruction.

This lamentable Complaint raiſed Pity and Compaſſion in all that heard it, but fired our three *Engliſh* Heroes with Indignation, who being obliged by their Vow of Knighthood, to relieve all diſtreſſed Princes and Ladies, reſolved to venture their Lives and moſt precious Blood, in defending the Cauſe of the Prince and his moſt virtuous Daughter; and the King
of

of *Sicily* promising them his utmost Assistance, they speedily raised a considerable Army, and though the dreadful Strength of the Giant *Cadro* struck Terror into some of their Hearts, yet the Presence and Encouragement of the three valiant Knights, made the rest despise all Dangers, and with an undaunted Courage, to undertake this perilous Adventure with them.

The Captains and Officers made such an Expedition, that in twenty Days, they mustered an Army of Twenty thousand Men, all which were compleatly armed out of the Royal Armory; to the three Brothers, the King gave each of them a Silver Helmet, inlaid with Gold and precious Stones, as a Reward for their conquering the Monster *Mongo*. They then marched into the pleasant Plains of *Thessaly*, and marched toward the City of *Larissa*, wherein *Cornelia* was, and Sir *Alexander* being set before with a choice Party, to give them an Alarm to the *Thracians*, and about Midnight came in Sight of the Town, and having held a Correspondence with some of the Citizens, it was agreed by *Alexander*, That when he should appear, which he would give them Notice of by holding up a blazing Torch, they should then make a Sally out of one of the Gates, and fall upon the Enemy, whilst he with his Forces attackt them in the Rear: This succeeded accordingly, for being thus surrounded by their Foes, they fell into a woful Confusion, and *Alexander* with his Men, destroyed Multitudes of them, cutting down all before them, till they came to the Royal Pavillion where the King of *Thrace* was

in Person, who not apprehending any Danger at that Time of the Night, was asleep in his Tent, but being awakened by the Noise of the Soldiers, he suddenly started up, but before he



could put on his Armour, *Alexander* entered his Tent, and took him Prisoner. This utterly discouraged the *Thracians*, so that nothing but Blood and Slaughter pursued them, and nothing was heard but the Cries and Lamentations of wounded and dying Men, and Death appeared in so many horrid Shapes, that the Sight thereof was enough to pierce the most unrelenting Heart,

By this Time *Sir Guy* and *Sir David*, arrived with the rest of the Forces, where they found an absolute Victory obtained to their Hands, and so the whole Army marcht together into the City, and *Sir Alexander* presented his royal Prisoner to *Cornelia*; she was ready to receive them,

them, making all due Acknowledgments to the three Brothers, but especially to Sir *Alexander*, for his Magnanimity and martial Conduct, in rescuing her and the Kingdom from so implacable an Enemy. Then with such a wrathful Countenance, as so lovely a Beauty would admit, she turned to the *Thracian* King: As for you Sir, said she, the Cause of all the Mischief, methinks you took a strange Way of Wooing, whereby you could have little Hopes of speeding? And since Fortune has now delivered you up into our Hands, not as a Lover, but an Enemy, you must not take it ill if we secure your Person, till we hear how our royal Father is treated by those who belong to you: He was then committed to the Custody of the Marshal, she allowing him all Accommodations proper for a King: She then invited the three Brothers, and the principal Commanders, into the Royal Apartment, where they were treated with Store of *Greek* Wine, and a magnificent Banquet, and the rest of the Army were nobly feasted by the joyful Citizens, who had delivered them from Plunder and Slavery. These joyful Entertainments could not divert the Thoughts of the dutiful *Cornelia*, from taking Care of the Redemption of her dear Father, and therefore dispatcht a Messenger to the Giant, at his Castle in the *Enchanted* Island, with an Offer, to exchange the *Thracian* King for him; which, if it should be denied, to make the utmost Enquiry possible of the State of the King's Health, and to use all manner of Means to inform him how Matters stood, and that she was resolved to use the utmost of her Power, for his Deliverance.

The Victory of the Seven

The Necromancer *Codro*, who lived with the Giant *Logos*, knowing by his Magick-Spells, that the *Thracian* King's Army had received a total Overthrow, and himself taken Prisoner, and that the victorious *Sicilians* were marching with a great Army into *Thrace*, commanded by three valiant young Champions, he acquainted the Giant therewith, who thereupon sending for his two Brothers, *Godolpho* the Stout, and *Kilmano* the Cruel, to come to his Assistance: Count *Bruno*, the King of *Thrace*'s Deputy, soon raised a potent Army of Fifty Thousand Men, and the *Sicilians*, and the *Thessalians*, being about Forty Thousand, resolved to attack them, and both



Armies engaging, *Sir David*, who had the Honour that Day to lead the Vanguard, assailed Count *Bruno* with such Force, that with his Lance he run him quite through the Body, so that he fell Dead on the Ground; whereupon the

the *Thracians* began to give back, but the two Giants coming in with fresh Forces, the Combat began afresh, and Sir *Guy*, whom at the first Sight the Giant *Godolpho* scorned and contemned, found an Opportunity to give him such a Blow on the Head with his trusty Sword, that had not his Helmet been of approved Metal, he had cleft him down in the Middle; however, it made him stagger, but recovering, he lifted up his massy Club, and missing Sir *Guy*, struck it so deep in the Earth, that Sir *Guy* alighting nimbly from his Horse, designed to have cut off his Head, when *Kilmano*, the other Giant, coming into his Assistance, was encountered by Sir *David*, who skilfully avoiding the furious Strokes of the Giant, he found he had a valiant Enemy to deal withal; *Godolpho* the Stout, having somewhat recovered his last Blow, came to joyn his Brother *Kilmano*, whom Sir *Guy* undertook to engage.

While these Four were busied in fighting, Sir *Alexander* made such Havock among the *Thracians*, that they began to fly; the two Giants seeing their Army in such a running Posture, ran also for Company, being hotly pursued by the three Brothers, with the loss of great Numbers of their Men; but *Logos* the Giant, who kept the Inchanted Castle, hearing how the others fared, came in with more Forces, which the wearied *Sicilians* being not able to withstand, retired, and the *Thracians* secured themselves in the inchanted Castle. The Lady *Cornelia* having heard no News of the Messenger she sent to her Father, was very glad to understand that the three young Knights were resolved to assault

assault the same, and release him; and the Army having sufficiently refreshed themselves, marched up to the Castle, without any Opposition, till they came to the Gate, on the Top of which stood two Gians, with massy Stones in their Hands, to tumble on the Heads of those that should attempt to scale the Walls; but the Necromancer finding all his Charms were now at an End, would not suffer them to throw down the Stones, in Hopes to find Mercy from the Conquerors; Sir *Guy* first entered the Castle, but was soon encountred by a dreadful Griffin,



who was so briskly attacked by the young Knight, that he deeply wounded him, and instantly a Noise like Thunder was heard out of the Ground, and he apprehended some terrible Encounter, but nothing following, *Alexander* proceeding farther in, a dreadful burning Dragon came flying against him, which struck him with

with such Violence, that he could hardly stand on his Legs, but having drawn his Sword, the Dragon soon vanished out of his Sight; but such a Noise ensued, that the very Foundation of the Castle shook, and the Walls began to totter; the undaunted Knight, Sir *David*, resolving to view all the Avenues of the Castle, his Passage was stopt by an *Hippotamus*, or *Sagittary*, being half Man, half Horse, and there soon began a dreadful Combat between them, but Sir *David* at length cutting off one of the Monster's Legs. the Heavens seemed to be rent in sunder by dreadful Claps of Thunder, and Flashes of Lightning, the Earth quaked, and the terrible Yells and Groans of infernal Spirits were heard, which were followed with an horrible stinking Smoke, and all of a sudden the Inchanterd Castle disappeared; the too Giants who appeared so dreadful upon the Castle Gate, fell down now on their Knees to the three Brothers, begging for Mercy, and the Necromancer was forced to surrender his cursed Carcass to the Conquerors, who cut off his Head.

The *Thessalian* King, who had slept from the Time he was brought thither, the Inchantment being ended, now awaked, wondring at what had happened, not knowing whither he was in the Hands of Friends or Foes, as also the Messenger which *Cornelia* sent, who was laid asleep like the King; with them also awaked many others, who by the Necromancer's Charms were cast into a lasting Sleep, by coming within the Compass of the Castle. The three Brothers then made diligent Search to find out the King of *Thessaly*, and having discovered him, they entertained

entertained him with all the Respect due to his Royal Dignity, and afterward conducted him to his own City of *Larissa*, where the Princess *Cornelia* resided, who, in all dutiful Manner, welcomed Home her Royal Father, and entertained the noble Champions with all Expressions of Love and Affection; they spent several Days there, in all the Delights that Art and Cost could invent; and a general Joy ran through the whole Island, for the Restauration of their Royal Sovereign; the three Brothers now took their Leaves of the King and the Princess, and in Pursuance of their Resolution to travel through all Lands, to find out their Father, and his six Champions; they went out of *Italy* into *Greece*, where they met with very notable Adventures, as you will find in the following Chapter.

C H A P. II.

How St. George's three Sons found the Queen of Armenia dying, through the Treachery of the Knight of the Black Castle : How with her Daughter Rosanna, they travelled thither, to revenge her Injury, ending the Incantment, and releasing the seven Champions, with other Matters.

THE three young Knights being still upon the Enquiry, and hearing no News of their Father, nor the other Champions, concluded some Mishap that had befallen ; wherefore, coming to a black Pavilion, which they found deserted, they track'd the Feet from thence in the Sand, with Drops of Blood, and scattered Hair, till coming into a Thicket, they heard a Lady wofully complain against the Knight of the black Castle ; whom they no sooner approached, but they understood she had been Queen of *Armenia*, but was banished by her Subjects for imprudently shaming herself, by yielding to the Embraces of that false Knight, who had forsaken her big with Child ; so that she was delivered of a beauteous Daughter in the Woods, where they stood bemoaning her, having lived with her in these unfrequented Places, till she was fifteen Years of Age : And though the young Knights having heard her mournful Story, and how her disloyal Lover had cruelly served the Shepherd's Daughters, as has been said ; and comforted her all they could ; yet having charged her Daughter to severe Revenge, and given her a Letter to her
ingrateful

ingrateful Knight, she breathed her last in such Complaints, as drew Tears from all their Eyes; and after they had buried the Queen, and writ a mournful Epitaph on the Rhind of a Bay-tree, they accompanied the young Lady to the Black Castle, to revenge at full this great Injury.

They no sooner approached it, but a monstrous Satyor came against them with a mighty Club, endeavouring to stop their Passage; but



after a sharp Encounter, deeply wounding him; he fled bellowing away, after which, in a little Time, they arrived at the Castle-gate, where Rosana, for so was the Lady's Name, by reason she had a Rose naturally on her Breast,

was espied

by the

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espied her wicked Father, and the Magician, looking over the Battlements, contriving to prepare for their Destruction, which she advertized them ; however, they blew the Trumpet, and immediately, as before, the Draw-bridge fell down, and the Gates opened of their own accord ; then without much Disturbance, coming to a Pillar of Jasper, they found this Inscription :

*Whilst here seven fatal Lamps burn bright,
This Place can never yield to Knights :—
But they extinguish'd by a Fountain near,
By her, who does a Rose on her Breast bear,
The strange Enchantment then will disappear.*

Having read this, they pursued a monstrous Giant into a great Hall, where the fatal Lamps were burning ; and after a fierce Combat, to defend them, slew him ; but in vain they tried to extinguish the Magick, when remembering the Inscription,— they searched about for the Fountain, which at last they found in a low Vault, covered with Mists and Darknes : Rosana being still with them, but when they approached the Water, which they were directed to, by a kind of a singing or bubbling Noise ; they were mightily opposed by Giants, Monsters, and Furies, especially a monstrous Griffin, who gave them many furious Blows, and put them back by main Force ; the Water of itself, as they went to reach it, gliding from them, so that Rosana taking Courage, snatch'd up one of their Shields, which was beaten to
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the Ground by the Griffin, stepped to the Fountain, and with Ease, took off the Waters, wherewith she ran and extinguished the Lamps: Whereupon mighty Thunders and Lightnings insued with Cries and Yells of hellish Fiends, which made the imprisoned Champions rouse from their Sleep, when instead of a Dungeon, they found themselves in a spacious Parlour.

Leoger being near distracted to find his Incantment finish'd; however, not willing to fall into the Hands of his revenging Enemies, he secretly fled on a swift Horse; and the Conjuror took his Way on winged Spirits, through the Air in a Chariot; then the Knights embraced each other, and great Joy ensued, so that all that Day they feasted royally on the great abundance of Plenty they found in the Castle, and at Night betook them to their Repose, when St. George lying alone in an inward Chamber, had no sooner lain down and shut his Eyes, but he was wakened with a doleful Cry of,

*O thou most valiant Knight, what dost thou here,
Where nought but horrid Mischiefs do appear.*

Upon this, looking about, he espied the Shape of a beauteous Woman in Tears, who beckoned him to follow her, which with his Sword in his Hand, he did, till he came through many lonesome Places, to a Tomb, whereon he perceiv'd a grave old Man, but much wasted with Leanness, lye upon it tormented by Flames that issued from under it, and in a desperate Manner he
lay

lay roaring, as not able to stir from the Place : Whilst the Champion was wondering at this strange Inchantment, and who the Party should be, the Woman that had called him thither came out of the Tomb, and with Tears besought him, with his Sword to strike three Times on the Tomb with his Sword, and the Inchantment would be dissolved; which at first he refused, but finding they were mortal Creatures, brought to that Misery by wicked Art, he complied, and immediately they were released from their Torments. Then at his Request, the Lady told him a tragical Story, how the Man he delivered, was the King of *Babylon*, and herself formerly a Waiting Woman to the fair *Angelica*, his Daughter, whom he had killed with his Sword, for going away from him with the Necromancer, had enchanted this Castle, and because she being with her, was not able to prevent the bloody Fact, the Conjuror in a Rage, by the Power of his Art, had doomed her to bear a Punishment with the Murderer : And now though the noble Champion could not excuse the Conjuror for thus Punishing the King for his rash Act, yet he much blamed him for dipping his Hands in Virgin's Blood, especially that of his own Child ; but being told he had repented it in Tears of Blood, and suffering a voluntary Banishment in Woods and Groves, at hard diet for many Years, till compelled hither by Spells ; he took pity on his aged Tears, and vowed to see him seated in his Throne, which in his Absence was usurped by another ; and so the Champions sending for the

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the Shepherd, whose Daughters the Knight of the Castle had destroyed, they as some Recompence, put him in full Possession of it, till they could be better revenged on his Behalf: They all agreed to go with St. George to *Babylon*, except *Rosana*, who remembring her Mother's Commands, was resolved to go in search of her wicked Father, and so arming herself like an *Amazon Queen*, with silver Armour, a Javeling in her Hand, and a Sword hanging by her Side, she mounted on a gallant Steed, presented her by St. George, and parting at the Bridge, took their respective Ways.

CH A P. III.

How Rosana went armed to seek her treacherous Father; in what deplorable Condition she found him, and of his miserable Death: The Combat she had with the Inchanter about his Armour, and how she killed herself over her Parents Grave; of the farther Adventures of the Champions, and how St. George fell in love with a Nun, &c.



THE fair and sorrowful Rosana departing from them, rid through many a Desert, when coming to a Forest side, the Sun being scorching hot, she went among the heat of the Trees, to shelter from the heat of the Day, and see if she could find a Fountain for Refreshment.

She had not far entered before her Ears were saluted with grievous Complaints and Lamentations,

tations, the Voice often mentioning the Queen of *Armenia*, which made her more attentive to know from whom it proceeded, and by other Discourse and penitent Sighs, she found it could be no other than *Leoger* her Father; yet his mighty Sorrow expressed for the Injury he had done her Mother, made her relent, and turned her Fury into Compassion; yet coming into Sight, without telling what Relation she was to him, she gave him the Queen's Letter, with mournful Lines written in her Blood, he had no sooner read, and finding at the Close, she commanded him to hasten to her in the other World; but he cryed out, Injured Queen, whom I so basely wronged at last, thou art obeyed;

*And if our Souls can meet, and know Above,
I'll fold thee ever in my Arms of Love:
Whilst this Attones for Mischief I did here,
And sets my Soul free to attend thee there.*

Hereupon, which made *Rosana* tremble and look Pale, he plunged his Dagger into his Breast: This caused so natural an Affection in the fair Lady, that she melted into a Flood of Tears, labouring to stop the Blood that issued from his Wound; and whilst his Senses lasted, made herself known to him, that she was his Daughter; whereat, casting his Eyes on her, he bewailed her, being left in Danger, and Sorrowing for her Misfortune more than his own; yielded up his Breath, leaving her bathing his Face with Tears. When she was a little come

to herself again, taking Courage, she covered his dead Body with Moss, and hung up his Armour in a Pine-tree, which she resolved to watch, till some courteous Knight coming by should help her, to convey her Father's Body, as she desired, to be buried in her Mother's Tomb. But being tired and drowsie with long watching, the Necromancer, since he fled from the Castle, having wandered up and down in solitary Places, happened to come that Way, and knowing the Armour, reached it down, and put them on, at what time *Rosana* awaking, started up and drew her Sword, charging him to hang up the Armour again, or he should dye for his presumptuous Sacrilege : But he refusing, a desperate Combat passed between them with many violent Blows, so that the Necromancer's Devil, not being at hand to rescue him, she with a down-right Stroke, burst his Helmet, and bruised his Head, so that he fell with much Effusion of Blood to the Gtound, begging Mercy, which she granted, so he would carry her Father's dead Body to *Armenia*, and the Armour to be hung up as a Trophy over the Grave.

This he consented to, and called up a Chariot with yoked Spirits to convey them and it thither immediately ; but whilst he was busy in covering up the Grave, after the Body was laid in, the beauteous *Rosana*, who had all this while watered the Earth with Tears, beating her snowy Breast, fell upon her Sword, and died on her Parents Repository.

This much startled the Magician, who had heard from her Mouth before she expired, her

her lamentable Story ; whereupon he erected a Monument over them, (having put her likewise in the same Grave with her Parents) with an Epitaph, shewing the particular Causes of their untimely Ends. And so departing in a pleasant Valley not far from thence, being grown weary of his wicked Life, he raised a Mausoleum or Tomb, by Magick, of precious Stones, Gold, and many rare Devices, which opening at his Charms, he thereupon no sooner entered into it, but it closed upon him : where we leave him conversing with damned Spirits.

Whilst these Things happened, the seven Champions were arrived at *Babylon* with the King, whose Presence soon decided the Quarrel that was arisen among the Grandees, who should possess the Crown, and be restored, without any Blood-shed, the Virgin that was enchanted with him, was for her Infidelity to her Mistress, married to one of the chief Noblemen of the Kingdom, so that great Joy, Feasting and Triumph ensued, but all was dashed by their sudden Departure ; the Kingdom and the whole Court grieving thereat : So travelling through many Countries, they came to the City of *Constantinople*, where great Preparations were made for royal Sports and Pastimes, there being a vast Assembly of Kings, Princes, and valiant Knights, which the Emperor had sent for, from divers Countries, to please his fair Daughter *Alcinda*, who was courted by the King of *Anatolia*.

Here St. George won immortal Fame, overthrowing Horse and Man, Knights and Giants,
and

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and all that came in his Way : So that the fair Princess began to be much enamoured of him for his Valour, and manly Proportion ; but the former Contract being made by her own Consent, Modesty and Shame restrained her from expressing her Passion, so that the Champions being highly treated, left the Court in



Joy and Revels ; and at the Request of *St. Anthony*, passed to *Rome*, where the Emperor having heard of their Fame, received them with a cordial Welcome, as royal Feasting, and the Presentation of large Gifts ; when viewing the Rarities of that ancient and stately City, among the beauteous Nuns, who had vowed Chastity, *St. George* cast his Eyes on *Lucinda*, the Emperor's Daughter ; never since the Loss of *Sahra*, had he seen so lovely a Creature in the World, and understanding she had vowed perpetual Virginity, he was sorry he had gone
G
whit

with the Emperor her Father, to see so Angelical a Creature, whom her Vows had barred from being enjoyed, which much perplexed his Mind; yet resolving to prosecute his Love, not knowing but her Mind might alter: So getting the Apparel of a grave Matron of Quality, he, by giving Money to the Servants, got Admittance into the Monastery, with a Basket of curious Fruit for the Princess; and passing in that Habit for a Woman, he was not denied Admittance to her Chamber,, where, to his Wish, finding her alone, working on curious Imbroidery after his Present made with a low and humble Submission, he discovered who he was, and the Passion that was the Cause of his coming thither.

At this the Princess started as one surprized, and coming to her self, told him, It was not in her Power, her Vow being passed to Heaven, to treat of Love, no farther than Friendship extended to any mortal Creature.

Ah! divinest Creature, replied he, say not so, lest you destroy your devoted Servant, which neither Monsters, armed Hosts, or Inchantments, could overcome.

Truly, said she, renowned Knight, I have heard of your Fame, and dislike not your Person, were I at my own dispose, but that can never be, having vowed unalterable Chastity, therefore never more make any Proffers of Love to me.

Have

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Have you so vowed, said the Noble Champion; then you shall see fair, but cruel Prin-



cess, I can keep my Vow as sacred as you, and that is, here I vow to dye and end the Pain and Torment of Mind: And there withal, pulling out a glittering Dagger, with a desperate Resolution, he had pierced his manly Heart, had she not stepped in and stayed his Hand, promising, within seven Days, if he would vouchsafe to live for her sake, rather than the World should loose so brave a Knight, to give him her Body at the Altar; and so with this supposed Assurance, and much Joy, he at that Time left her.

During this Space, the *English* Champion had made his Overture of Love known to the Emperor, who highly approved it; sending his commands to his Daughter, to entertain his Courtship, that she might, by so marrying,

come into the World again, as they term it; she going into that place by her own Inclination, against his Consent. This much grieved the Princess, to find Fortune had raised a strong Confederacy against her vowed Chastity; however, consulting with some of her fellow Nuns about it, they persuaded her, she ought to sacrifice her Life, rather than brake her Vow, which too fatally she performed, by stabbing herself at the Altar, when the Priest was going to join her Hand with St. George's, saying,

Here noble Champion of *England*, I thus deliver my spotless vowed Chastity, from the Power of all mortal Things; but as I promised my liveless Body, is at your Dispose.

Upon this sad and unexpected Tragedy, caused Floods of Tears to flow from all Eyes, whilst the *English* Champion was preparing to over-flow the Pavement with Blood, by falling on his Sword, had not the rest prevented him; so that falling on the dead Body, and bathing its pale Face with Tears; some Days after it was sumptuously entered, and a stately Monument, with an Epitaph over it: Such Sorrow afflicted St. George, that he hastened to leave a Place so fatal to his Repose; whereupon he, and the other Champions, took leave of the afflicted Emperor and his Court; and some Miles from the City, discomfiting young *Lusus*, and a Band of Knights he had gotten to revenge his Sister's Death on the Champions, they parted every one into their own Country, of whose Deeds and Deaths, there you will hear in the concluding Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

How the Seven Champions returning to their own Country, in Expectation of leading peaceable Lives, met with violent Deaths; with the Manner of them, and how they came to be sainted and called Patrons of their Country; why the Leek is worn on St. David's Day, and the Cross on St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, &c. as also of the Noble Order of the Garter, in Honour of St. George.



THese noble Champions of Christendom, having run a long Race of Glory and Renown, at last, Years and Weariness brought them to rest,

rest, and lay their Bones in their own native Lands.

The first who left this earthly Stage, was St. Patrick, who going up and down in Pilgrim's Weeds in *Ireland*, and betaking himself to Prayers in Woods and Desarts, at length caused him a House of Square Stone, in the Form of a Tomb to be built, out of which he never after went, though he lived three Years ; but had his Victuals given him through a little Hole, which was all the Window he had ; and a little before his Death, he digged his Grave with his own Nails, and there yielded up his pious Spirit ; afterwards a stately Chapel was built there with an Altar over his Grave, and he stiled Saint and Patron of his Country, in Memory of whom the *Irish* and *English* inhabiting there, annually wear a Red cross.

St. David coming into *Wales*, and finding it over-run, and in a manner laid Waste by mighty swarms of *Pagans*, *Saxons*, he mustered a Troop of Knights out of the Frontiers, and that they might the better distinguish each other in Fight, he ordered them to imitate him, then plucking up a Leek in the Field where they stood, he placed it on his Helmet, and all the rest did the like, so that having drawn the Enemy from the Mountains to the Plains, a bloody Fight ensued, in which, by the Valour of St. David and his Knights, the Enemy were slaughtered in a miserable manner, and driven quite out of the Country ; whereupon, in Token of the Victory, he ordered his Country-men
should

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should wear a Leek every first Day of *March*, on which the Battle was fought, and he dying soon after of a violent Fever he got by overheating himself in the Battle, was canonized a Saint, and the First of *March* called *St. David's Day*.

St. Dennis, the Champion of *France*, living a godly Life in his Country, and preaching up



the Christian Religion, that Country being *Paganism*, then a Knight of the Order of *St. Michael*, so incensed the King against him, that he designed to subvert the ancient Religion, and stir up his Subjects to rebel against him, as caused him to order him immediately to be Beheaded, without being heard, which was no sooner done,

done, but his Accuser, and the Executioner, with some others that mocked at his devout Prayers, were struck dead with Lightning, which so terrified the King, that he and all his People renounced their Heathen Gods, and turned Christians. He was afterwards sainted, and a stately Church built over his Monument, in which the *French* Kings are crowned and buried.

St. *James* at his coming into *Spain*, built him a Chapel, and other Conveniencies about it; getting together some devout Christians there, they sung Psalms and Hymns, and praised



the God of Heaven for their Mercies bestowed on them, which so incensed the Tyrant King of the Country, that he caused them to be immured or shut up there, so that they were starved to Death; yet such a Light and Harmony

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ny was seen and heard in the Place after their Death, that all Men wonder'd, and God's Judgment delay'd not long to fall on the King, for utterly losing his Appetite, he pined away and languished to Death. This *James* was afterward fainted, and is stiled to this Day, *The Titular Saint of Spain*.

St. Andrew preaching the Gospel in *Scotland*, among the rough *Northern Highlanders*, living as a Hermet in a Cave, they fancied he was sent by the King as a Spy upon their wicked Ways, and thereupon, in a Mutiny, fell upon him, dragged him from his Cave, tyed him to a Cross made of two Trees, and after having mocked him, whilst he was praying for them,



they cut off his Head, which the King, in whose Favour he highly was, hearing, went
against

against them with armed Forces, and destroyed them, and their Habitations, from the Earth. This *St. Andrew* is held the Patron of *Scotland*, who wear his Cross on his Day; he was soon fainted, and a Church dedicated to him.

St. Anthony being at *Rome*, viewing an ancient Chapel, found a Prophecy, that himself should be the Patron of it, and after many great Atchievements, and noble Acts, should



return and dye in it, with which he so far complied with, that he continued there in Prayers and Meditations, having Provisions and Necessaries brought him, till he payed Nature's Debt, at which Time he was fainted, the Place dedicated to him, and many Honours conferred upon it.

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St. George, the worthy *English* Champion, escaping many Dangers Abroad, found an unkind Destiny too fatally awaited him at Home, for having a while lived a contemplative Life, intending to spend the rest of his Days in Penitence. The King sent to inform him, that a dreadful Dragon, near *Dunsmore*, who had a mighty Cave for her Habitation, destroyed all the Country about, so that Men and Cattle were daily devoured; against this Monster, for his Country's Safety, the Champion immediately took his Way, and in a terrible Combat, for which Deliverance Bells rung, and Bonfires



throughout the Kingdom, but this to the noble Champion, was the fatalest of all Encounters, for the vast Quantity of Poison thrown upon him by the monstrous Beast; he now fighting without
his

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his Shield, so infected his vital Spirits, that two Days after he died in his own House, having charged his Sons, who were by this time returned from seeking Adventures, to follow his Steps in Virtue and Heroick Deeds; recommending them likewise to the King's Care, who was then present, and afterward preferred them to the chiefest Offices and Trust in his Kingdom.

St. George was buried in his Chapel, bearing his Name at *Windsor*, his Effigies, killing a Dragon, is given as the *Englisb* Badge of Honour to our own Nobles; but the greatest Princes Abroad are proud to be Companions of it, or the noble Order of the Garter.

*Thus weary with long Travel thro' great Deeds,
For tir'd Fancy there some Respite needs;
So hoping it will give you all Content,
Because howe'er 'tis took, it was well meant.*

F I N I S.



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